

THE MIRROR

ST. LOUIS.



EASTER 1905

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The Mirror

VOL. XV.—No. 10

ST. LOUIS, THURSDAY, APRIL 20, 1905.

PRICE, TEN CENTS.

THE MIRROR

Published every Thursday at

N. W. COR. 10th AND PINE STS.

Telephones: Bell, Main 2147; Kinloch, A. 24.

Terms of subscription to The Mirror, including postage in the United States, Canada and Mexico, \$2.00 per year, \$1.00 for six months. Subscriptions to all foreign countries within the postal union, \$3.50 per year.

Single copies, 5 cents.

News Dealers and Agents throughout the country supplied by the American News Company, or any of its branches.

Payments, which must be in advance, should be made by Check, Money Order, or Registered Letter, payable to The Mirror, St. Louis.

All business communications should be addressed "Business Manager," The Mirror.

Entered at the Post Office at St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A., as second-class matter.

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CONTENTS

Joe Folk's Foolish Politics: By W. M. R.	1
The Cinch off St. Louis Commerce: By J. S. Doddridge	1-2
A Crooked Deal in Missouri Convict Labor: By Charles B. Oldham	2-3
Easter Sunday: Poem. By Ernest McGaffey	3
An Easter Rhapsody: By Willard Maylie	3
Reflections: Wanted: A Constitutional Convention—A Lull for Them—Strike Barbarities and Others—The Blue Law Con Game—Vicious Elements—Secret Order Flubdub—A Bugaboo Exploded—Not a Judge—Testing the Race Gambling Law—A Neat Steal—Local Democratic Squabbles—Chicago's Mayor and Ours—Bryan and Parker—An Overtaxed Town—Woods full of Presidential Timber—Our Terminal Question—High Finance in Divorce—Handkerchiefs—Wainwright's Money—That Equitable Graft—John Drew Draws—Art vs. Theatrical Trust—Mr. Greet at the Odeon	3-7
On a Redbreast: Singing at the Grave of Plato. In the Grove of Academe. By Fiona McLeod	7
The Mouchoir and the Million Club: By Utha Manners	8
An Epitome of an Empty Music Season: By Pierre Marteau	8
The Hound of Heaven: Poem. By Francis Thompson	9
Satiation: Story. By Oliver White	10-11
Handicraft in Prisons: By Elbert Hubbard	11-12
Muriel's Tryst: Story. By Frances Porcher	12-13
The Freshness of the Heart: By P. F. Cook	14
The Vital Spark of Christianity: By St. Leo Strachey	14-15
Mrs. Titlow's Visitor: Story. By Thomas L. McCready	15-16
Saint Guido: By Richard Jefferies	16-22
The Woman Heart: Poem. By Theodosia Garrison	22
She Lets Him Smoke: By Elizabeth Waddell	23-24
On Re-reading "Madame Bovary": By John Stapleton Cowley-Brown	24-28
Blue Jay's Chatter	28-33
Venus Kallipyge: By Aubrey Carew	34-35
The Economic Situation: By Francis A. House	35-36
Relinquit: Poem. By George Ives	36
When George Went Home: Story. By Bessie L. Russell	36-38
The Captive: By Ephraim Mikhael	38-39
Phoebus Apollo: Poem. By Guy Wetmore Carryl	39
At the Play	40
Letters from the People	42
The Stock Market	46-47

Joe Folk's Foolish Politics

By W. M. R.

SOME local politicians who don't like Governor Folk are gleeful because they think they see that in the enforcement of the Sunday laws he is guilty of foolish politics, i. e., of politics that will cost him support in possible future aspirations.

Those politicians are fools.

Folk is playing the best kind of politics.

When the time comes for Folk to seek higher honors there will go up the cry that Folk endeavored to regulate the people's habits and the liberal interests will not support him.

Well, what of it? The liberal interests—and sometimes they are most illiberal—did not support Folk for Governor—yet he won.

The reply to the blue-law cry will be this: Folk enforced the law. He did his sworn duty, even though it was unpopular. He didn't believe in the law's principle, but it was the law. He enforced it, believing that ignoring unpopular laws tends to bring all law into discredit. He did not consult his interest as a politician. He rose above himself. He did not care for the enmity of the liquor and other liberal interests, but only for the law made for all the people.

The politicians may rail and rave. The people will say Folk was all right, that he was brave to defy the saloons and the breweries and the distilleries.

One Theodore Roosevelt, as Police Commissioner, enforced the Sunday laws in New York City, though he did not believe in them, any more than Joseph W.

Folk does. The liberal interests raved at him and his tyranny.

See where Theodore Roosevelt is to-day.

Foolish politics, this action of Folk's, eh? Well, I guess not.

His enforcement will fail, for juries will not convict for Sunday opening of saloons. The Excise Commissioner won't revoke licenses when the licensee has been tried in court and acquitted. He will not be able to condemn and close a man's business when a duly constituted court has heard evidence and the defendant has been exculpated of the charge upon which the Excise Commissioner has to pass. No one will be hurt.

The attempt will have been made to enforce the law. That the attempt failed will be attributable to the people acting through their courts. Folk will have credit for his courage, and no blame for the action of courts that he could not and should not control.

Foolish politics? Not much. It's slick politics—the slickest ever.

And the more the liberal interests howl, the brighter will shine, in the eyes of *'oi polloi*, Folk's high and calm and superior aloofness from considerations of personal concern in the enforcement of the law, the sacred law.

Oh, Joey Folk, like *Joey Bagstock*, is sly, sir; devilish sly. A politician can be good and "wise" at the same time. The best of them are.

The Cinch Off St. Louis Commerce

By J. S. Doddridge

THAT the business conditions in St. Louis, in so far as they have been unfavorably affected by the switching charges on Eastern freight, are on the way to improvement is abundantly evident. For this, much credit is due the Business Men's League, and, of course, Mr. William Flewellyn Saunders, the executant of the League's ideas, although the World's Fair undoubtedly had a great deal to do with the matter. The feeling among local traffic managers is that the whole rate situation here is breaking up.

The presidents of the St. Louis roads never understood how important St. Louis was until they came out here during the World's Fair year, and they are really thinking more about St. Louis business now than about that of any other city. It may be said, indeed, that one can feel it in the air that something is going to happen about the bridge toll. Railway managers are thinking about it more than they ever have done. The Burlington next month is to put into

effect a schedule which will make a straight tariff to St. Louis as well as to East St. Louis, not taking out the bridge toll, but putting "St. Louis on the map." This means something.

The other day at the Noonday Club a gentleman read from an afternoon paper the dispatch from Chicago announcing that the Chicago & Eastern Illinois road had absorbed the switching charge. A prominent Terminal official, who was at the table, listened carefully, and when the reader looked at him after finishing, said, "Well, I should not wonder if this is the beginning of the end." Many other little things are being said by railway men now that give the impression that the big men of the railways are thinking about shaking up the St. Louis rate conditions into some sort of conformity with the demands of the business interests. While agitation by shippers has had much to do with this result it is none the less true that the change is coming about from initiative in the railroads themselves. Self-interest on the part of the

roads operates for the public benefit. The change with regard to switching charges came about quite simply.

The Chicago & Eastern Illinois railway, which is the Frisco, wanted more business between Chicago and St. Louis than it was getting. Therefore, it announced that it would absorb all switching charges in St. Louis on business given to its road. This charge runs from \$2 to \$5 a car, and the Chicago & Eastern Illinois absorbs this charge absolutely, arranging with the Terminal and Wiggins Ferry itself. The charge is not concealed in the rate but is a bona fide reduction to the shipper, so that his expense on goods received from the East and laid down at his place if it is on a track, and sent from his place to the East, is really reduced from \$2 to \$5 a car.

The other Eastern roads entering St. Louis have been obliged to follow this reduction, and so far the Wabash, Toledo, St. Louis & Western, Chicago, Peoria & St. Louis, the Big Four, the Alton, the B. & O. S. W., the Vandalia, and the Illinois Central, have all followed the example, so far as their Eastern business is concerned; that is, the business on which they come into competition with the Chicago & Eastern Illinois. The Illinois Central, for example, is not absorbing the switching charge on southern business. The Burlington has not announced that it will absorb the switching charge, but everybody believes that it will. It is not known whether President B. L. Winchell of the Rock Island or Vice President A. S. Dodge, who is in charge of traffic on the Frisco System, is responsible for the first move of the Chicago & Eastern Illinois, but both of them are very anxious to get more St. Louis business for the Frisco than it is receiving.

The Business Men's League, the Manufacturers Association and allied organizations are working on this desire of the Frisco to accomplish their common object of securing a reduction of rates by the roads running from St. Louis into the South. These rates

are now kept up higher than the rates from New York into the South, by the influence of the Southern Railway which is more interested in New York than it is in St. Louis. The Frisco and Illinois Central are both more interested in St. Louis and Chicago than they are in New York, and the business men here have got through these two roads lately a small reduction of this Southern rate, though they clamor for more. This southern rate, putting it broadly, without figures, is so high to all the southern distributing points, such as Atlanta and Birmingham—in some cases ten or fifteen cents a hundred pounds on first-class matter, higher than the rate from New York, although St. Louis is much nearer these points than New York is—that local merchants and manufacturers have to pay out of their own pockets the difference in freight rate to their customers in the South. The consequence is that this city cannot build up the business in the South that it would within a year if the rate made for St. Louis and New York respectively to the South were equalized. All the indications are that the equalization of rates will be effected before very long, and that this city will get a fair show at the business to which its location entitles it.

The change is cause for congratulation. It may be pointed out here, without detracting from anyone's credit in this great work, that some of it should go to the St. Louis men who have for about five years past been dominant in the affairs of the Frisco, and chief among whom it would be well to remember a chubby little man with a round Roman head and a particularly infectious laugh, who answers to the name of "Jim" Campbell. He hasn't done much posing as a philanthropist or indulged in any theatricals deigned to advertise his civic pride, but he has been a dominating factor in Frisco management and, of course, relatively, in Rock Island affairs, and the break made in "the Chinese wall" around St. Louis has been largely engineered by him while a lot of pin-headed reformers have been throwing metaphorical bricks at him.

Governor Dockery declared that they might all go before he would consent to the renewal of a single contract at less than 60 cents. And so the stage play continued until a few days before Governor Folk's induction into office, when the old contracts that had expired were all renewed at the rate of 60 cents a day per man. The Governor announced with much show of personal gratification that he had won a complete victory, and expressed the opinion that his predecessors could have accomplished as much had they exhibited the proper firmness. In this latter particular he was undoubtedly right. Any of the Governors of Missouri, since the days of Crittenden, could have made the same kind of contracts entered into between Governor Dockery's Warden of the penitentiary and the contractors. Most of them, however, did much better for the State.

The new contracts require the State to furnish the contractors power, water, light and heat free of cost, and also allow the contractors fifteen days in which to test convicts so as to see if they are the kind of men they wish to employ in their shops. *Those rejected can be worked fifteen days without costing the contractors one penny.* Here is where the contractors got in their fine work, and where Governor Dockery "hid the shells" when he was talking to the newspaper reporters. No mention was made of these concessions to the contractors, which, in the opinion of Warden Hall, give them the most advantageous contracts they have ever held, and more than compensates for the advance of 10 cents a day per man. The public was not taken into Governor Dockery's confidence in this transaction. No one blames the contractors, but the public will condemn ex-Governor Dockery for trying to work a flimflam game by pretending that he had won a great victory over the contractors, when in fact, everything goes to show that the State will lose in the end, and that it would have been infinitely better to have renewed the contracts at the old rate.

The coal bill at the penitentiary for last January and February amounted to about \$10,000, and the prison buys its coal at a very cheap rate, too. Water costs \$3,500 a year, with prospects of an increase. About 800 able-bodied male convicts are received each year at the penitentiary, and, if the contractors choose to do so, they will be entitled to try each one of these men for fifteen days without any cost to themselves. Under the old contracts they were not allowed to work a convict a day without paying 50 cents therefor. They were allowed fifteen days, to be true, in which to try a new convict, but they had to pay for this time, whether they kept the man or not. They also had to pay for their power, light and water. In brief, the advantages are now all on the side of the contractors, as the prison earnings at the close of the year will show.

There is another side to this question: These contracts run beyond Governor Folk's term of office, so that he has no power whatever in the premises. The contracts were signed before he became Governor, without consulting him or the present Warden of the penitentiary. They were made by Warden Wooldridge and the contractors, under direction of Governor Dockery, and confirmed by State Auditor Allen, Attorney-General Crow and Treasurer Williams. Everyone of these officials is now out of office, but these contracts stand for five years to come, or within a few months of that time. A new Governor will be elected, inaugurated and have served almost a year, before these contracts expire.

The Republican State platform contained a section pledging the party to the abolition of the contract sys-

A Crooked Deal in Missouri Convict Labor

By Charles B. Oldham

THROUGH a statement made by Matt W. Hall, Warden of the Missouri Penitentiary, the facts have just leaked out that A. M. Dockery succeeded, just before leaving office of Governor, in closing a contract with a number of contractors of prison labor, for a period of five years, under the terms of which the State received the worst of the bargain. These contracts were not signed until a few days before Governor Dockery retired from office, and the latter gave it out that he had won a great victory over the contractors by forcing them to pay 60 cents a day per man, whereas, the price for the past twenty years had been 50 cents a day per man.

It is a fact that all the contracts at the penitentiary, save one which does not expire until the later part of next December, have been renewed at the rate of 60 cents a day per man. It is also a fact that, prior to the renewal of these contracts, just before Governor Dockery's official term expired, the contractors had only paid 50 cents a day per man. But these are not all the facts by any means. A little explanation of the conditions at the penitentiary last December will serve a

good purpose in arriving at a proper understanding of present conditions.

About 1,500 convicts are employed under the contract system. It has been the custom ever since that system was adopted, almost a quarter of a century ago, to lease the labor of able-bodied convicts for a period of five years. The law authorizes as much. For many years practically the same men and the same firms have held contracts at the prison and most of the old contractors have made fortunes. The prevailing price paid for convict labor under this system for some eighteen years has been 50 cents a day per man. All the contracts, except one, expired about the close of Governor Dockery's term of office. The Governor announced, with much show of firmness, that these contracts should not be renewed unless the contractors would agree to an advance of 10 cents a day per man. This happened last December. There was much talk at the State capital and elsewhere over the situation. The contractors appeared to be very much wrought up, and some of them said they would leave the prison before they would pay more than 50 cents a day.

tem of working convicts, based upon the general knowledge that the products of the penitentiary shops at Jefferson City come in conflict with honest labor. Most of the convicts are employed in the manufacture of shoes. No outside shoe manufacturer can employ labor at the rate of 60 cents a day per man, and pay nothing for fire-proof shop buildings, power, water, heat and light. When the Legislature convened the Republican majority in the House found itself right up against a stone wall in the matter of making an effort to put this party pledge into effect. The contracts were already signed, covering a period of five years, during which time two more Legislatures will have assembled, adjourned and gone the way of Legislatures.

When one digs down into the renewal of these contracts, no wonder will be expressed that Governor Dockery did not tell all the facts connected therewith. He and the Board of Prison Inspectors so fixed things as to "leave nothing to chance," as the *Globe-Democrat* would put it, and on top of everything else, the Governor had the nerve to pose as a public benefactor in giving the State the worst deal it ever received in dealing with the contractors of prison labor.

It is true that the next Legislature will have the power to repeal all laws authorizing convicts to be worked under the contract system. This would end all the contracts, but it has never been the policy of the State to break contracts, good or bad; so it is likely that the old rule will be followed in this case and the contractors be afforded a harvest five years' longer. That the State will lose heavily on these contracts, in comparison with the old ones, is not doubted by the prison officials, not one of whom is now responsible for the present conditions of affairs.

Easter Sunday

By Ernest McGaffey

A GAINST the hills the river lay
As languid as a dream;
While morning mist, in hoden-grey,
Receded from the stream;
And silently the touch of day
Came with the dawning gleam.

Beyond the shore-line's outer edge
The grass, in tangled strands,
Bent to the water; where the sedge
Stood crisp in russet bands;
While shadows by a rocky ledge
Were folded, like clasped hands

And starred upon the current wide
Pale water-lilies shone,
What time the river crooned and sighed
In liquid monotone;
And Easter chimes to echoes died
From distant steeples blown.

And all the valley slumbered deep
Fast locked in April spells;
While winds, from out a purple steep,
Blew soft on hollow shells,
And drowsed and droned, as half asleep
The message of the bells.

An Easter Rhapsody

By Wilerd Maylie

YES, Beloved, I know all they tell us of Easter—the Wise Ones—as a feast of the dædal Nature-worship, of the new birth of the world, a pagan revel transmuted and adapted to the service of a newer cult in commemoration of a mystical resurrection of the Saviour.

It's so easy, and yet so impressive, to symbolize away the Saviour with a sorites of assumptions supported by pseudo-scientific facts.

And yet the Saviour *did* die. And he *does* live again in the hearts of millions, some of them all unaware, in deeds of love and pity and helpfulness over all the earth. How His words, as those of no other teacher, do uplift the heart and fortify the soul against the qualm of certain death. The only things worth while are the things thought and felt and done in accord with His precept and example, in sympathy with His character, sad, sweet, serene.

Easter may be a sun-feast, a spring festival or what else the agnostic scientist may contrive of his credulity, but it is the feast of the risen Christ no less, and now, in the sweet o' the year, there's that touch of melancholy in joy which no lover of Christ and no critic of His creed has failed to mark as the note of the personality of the Son of Man as it sounds in the story of His pilgrimage, His preaching and His passion, until it attains to sublime poignancy in His last cry, at the moment of His triumph, as of one forsaken.

"My God, My God, why hast Thou forsaken Me!" Ah, there is the agony deeper than any pang in the torn hands and feet, the pierced side, the thorn crowned brow—the agony of disillusion. But there was for Him another disillusion beyond this.

The resurrection! That there is no having done with life, that there is no finality in death—is not that the secret of the resigned sorrow of the Christ, as it is of "Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air?" Not that He died does our pity go out to Him, but that He lives only that we for whom He died—all unworthy as we are—shall by our misdeeds, by our falling away from His standards crucify Him many times again.

The spring comes to us all with a sadness at the heart of joy. Earth's renewal of herself is accompanied by an unconscious, involuntary renewal of man's faith, a freshening of his weary hope, a quickening of his love, but in the bland rapture of the winy air and the seemingly new-burnished sun, there is something that grasps not less tenderly than sure, and with a faint chill in its touch, the heart that seems ready to melt with its own suffusing fullness. No one has yet uttered the word that tells of that swift, sharp, contracting, constricting fear that comes as the very acme and climax of the heart's expansion in the glad comprehension of the glory of the spring. In the brightness on the brow of the world's beauty there is a pale, still gleam of Death's face, inscrutable of all but the promise of peace.

This promise of peace the Easter breaks with insolent assertion of the inexhaustible succession and persistence of life. It cries out with a reckless mockery: "Death, those who are about to live, salute thee." And in the look of the face of this new spring are the glad, tender looks of all the springs that have gone before, the old, sweet memories revived with a dim, wistful glamour as of a blend with

to-day's light of the faded lights of other days. Easter brings back to the heart its almost forgotten hopes and longings to soften to a soothing tranquility the urge of the season, stirring in our blood as the sap is stirring in the trees. The Christ is risen, says the church. Love is arisen says the heart of even the unorthodox, and Love is all the tenderer for that it is reborn with the memory in its eyes of the doom over which it triumphs. The spring is fairer for the still lingering chill of winter at its heart, beneath its radiant glow.

hese be vagrom thoughts, and, perhaps, incoherent and inchoate to the multitude unperplexed by the complexity of sensation underlying the simple gladness of the season. They but attempt to phrase the conflicting confusion of the emotions that arise in us in contemplation of a world donning its new garment of beauty only to pass on to decline and decay whence it has but now emerged.

Who shall fathom the sad, tender secret of the recurring spring? Indeed, may it not be that the sensation of spring within me as I write, dear one, is but a glory projected over and upon all things from out of my own heart, where nestles and cuddles a happy hurt that is only—*you*?

Reflections

By William Marion Reedy

Wanted: A Constitutional Convention

BLUE, dry Sundays for St. Louis, eh? Oh, very well. There are, or will be, compensations. Maybe it will make the brewers quit staking tough characters to run saloons with disreputable accompaniments. Maybe it will show some insolent joint-keepers that they run their places as a privilege, not as a right. Decent saloon keepers, and there are many such, should welcome anything that tends to wipe out the joint-keepers. Besides this, Sunday law enforcement brings up the question of Home Rule. St. Louis generally doesn't want a dry Sunday. The people here are habituated to the open Sunday custom. Abolishing that custom works a hardship upon them. St. Louis, therefore, should begin an agitation for a special session of the Legislature, or, better, for a Constitutional Convention, to frame such modification of the State's organic law as shall give this city the right to regulate its own affairs in all such matters as Sunday laws and taxation, etc. The State laws good for rural counties and small towns are not fitted to the needs, manners, habits, customs and special conditions of a city of 700,000 people. Exceptions to such laws should, and easily could, be made for St. Louis, and for Kansas City, too. The exceptions for large communities could better be provided by a Constitutional Convention than by a special session of the Legislature, because special intelligence and ability would be brought to bear upon the subjects to be considered. Governor Folk is in favor of home rule that shall be sanely framed. Though he did veto a home rule bill, that measure was a political "job" designed to put him in a hole, but it didn't. St. Louis

doesn't want to be governed by village laws or by village ideas or according to village morality—which is often only a hypocrisy from which villagers are glad to escape in "whirls" in the city. St. Louis, therefore, should agitate for a Constitutional Convention to establish a new organic law that shall give the city a goodly measure of freedom from the narrowing bigoted legislation which may be satisfactory to smaller communities. Governor Folk is not a blue law fanatic by any means, not a prohibitionist, not a total abstainer. He is simply a law-enforcer, and if the laws don't suit the people who are most affected they can change them to make them accord with decent general opinion. There's nothing wrong, in the abstract, with this Sunday law enforcement except that the men now enforcing the law lied to the people when they said, in order to get liberal people to vote the Democratic city ticket at the late election, that there was no truth in the rumor that the law would be enforced. Officials who will lie, who will stand for the lie of the *Westliche Post's* assertion to its German readers that the Sunday law would not be enforced, are not to be trusted. But the remedy is, change the law and get rid of the liars and hypocrites.

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A Lid for Them

How about suppressing the sale of the newspapers on Sunday? There are those who would doubt that the dissemination of these publications is a work either of necessity, charity or mercy.

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Strike Barbarities and Others

BOUND hand and foot, his legs branded with his own soldering iron, was the condition in which W. H. Price was found by the police of Elgin, Ill., late in the afternoon of April 11th. Price was at work in D. E. Barclay's shop in the business district, on River street, when four strangers entered and choked him into unconsciousness. Then they bound and branded him and escaped. Price had severed his connection with the union and refused to go out on strike. This is undoubtedly pretty near the limit in the way of Union Labor outrages. It goes beyond the dastardly trick of striking hackmen in St. Louis of throwing burning acid upon the horses of non-union drivers to make them run away, and is quite up to the standard of barbarity described in the reports from San Francisco where union iron workers were reported as crushing the wrists of scabs who had taken the places of strikers. There is no doubt that this sort of thing adds force to the movement of employers towards a combination against Union Labor. Yet it cannot be said that such things have the indorsement of union workmen generally. It is to be expected that ignorant men will resort to barbarous practices against other men who take their places when the former are out on strike for better wages or better conditions of employment. We hear much of these performances, but we hear little of another kind of outrage perpetrated by the employing classes. The employer is not always a saint. He is not above cruelty in all his dealings with workmen. He is ever ready to accept any opportunity to cut down pay and pile on work. His first act in reducing expenses is to cut wages, and he is not above bulldozing employes and coercing them, as many of the employers did in the recent Mayoralty campaign in this city when the word was passed to the foremen to tell the workers "what's what," or the men found arguments for Wells in their pay envelopes on the Saturday night before the election. The employer does not brand a

worker with a hot iron, but often he does brand him by putting him on "the black list," marking him so that he can't get employment in other shops or lines. The union man is often cruel to the scab, and yet the employer is not beyond suspicion of hiring special bravos or strike breakers, men who are looking for trouble, and whose continued employment at more than union rates of pay depends on their stirring up trouble to show the necessity of their retention. The professional strike-breaker is a new development of the desperado determined by bravado to exasperate and infuriate the man whose place he has taken. The employing corporation grows more stringent in its rules governing the conduct of its employes, and it is not infrequently guilty of injustice to individuals which justifies the workers' fellows in taking up his quarrel as a body. The unions may be lawless in one way, but we all know that corporations are lawless in other ways, and that the corporation is potent in evoking the law against acts against its interests, while it is influential enough to secure the overlooking by State officials of its own sins against the public. There would be more public indignation against the lawlessness of union labor if there were more evidence that there was any law to reach the subtler lawlessness of the employer. All the right and all the wrong are not to be found on either side of the great Capital vs. Labor question. The maiming and killing of non-union workmen is infamous and diabolical, but there is an infamy or diabolism that is greater and deeper in the cruelties of trusts that ruthlessly raise prices and lower wages, in the corporations that bribe legislatures or officials, in the concerns operating under privileges that overcharge the public and defraud the State of taxes. There is no defence for the maiming or murdering striker, but neither is there any defense for the employing classes whose power over the laws is such as to make the striker feel that his only recourse is to take the law into his own hands. One can go quite a distance with the Citizens' Industrial Association and kindred organizations in the matter of attempting to check strike lawlessness, but it is not possible to go with them to the extreme of forcing strikes just to bring on a test of strength with employes. There are signs that these employers' associations have some men on their pay rolls who are not less interested in and anxious for industrial trouble, as a condition necessary to the retention of their jobs, than are the walking delegates and other strike fomenters maintained by the unions. While admitting the logic and the strength of the reaction against extreme unionism, there is reason to believe that there is danger and evil in the growing attitude of "spoiling for a fight" upon the part of the employers' associations in some of the larger cities, and as offset to the barbarities of union men, it is not difficult to find instances of professional scabbing by scrappers and killers who inflame strikers to violence, and the world knows that there may be cruelties as great or greater than that reported from Elgin in wage reductions under certain circumstances. It is at least as bad to throw a man up against starvation as it is to brand him with a hot iron. And if it be said that the cruelty or barbarity of the employer is an isolated instance, it may be retorted that not all strikes are marked nor are all strikers guilty of atrocities like the one which prompts this consideration of the subject.

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The Blue Law Con Game

KEEPING down the lid is all right. The law is the law. But why did the heroic men now enforcing

the dry Sunday in St. Louis solemnly deny before the Mayoralty election that such enforcement was in contemplation? Respect for law is not inculcated by juggling with it for political purposes, by using the law as a threat, or by denying intent to enforce it when the knowledge of the intent might have made votes against the city administration. The men who, before election, said that there was no truth in the story that there was to be a dry Sunday regime here were tricky cowards. They were afraid the truth would defeat Wells. They use the law as if it were part of a confidence man's equipment. They are enforcing the law now only as a bluff. They expect to get credit for doing their duty, but they have it "fixed up" that the law shall be declared inoperative. They are riding for a fall.

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Vicious Elements

MAYOR WELLS declared against "the vicious elements" in his inaugural. Did he mean, for instance, the race-gambling, crap-shooting influence that was so prominent in the promotion of his interests in the campaign, or did he mean the franchise-controlling elements that dominated the caucus that nominated him, or did he mean the election thieves who jammed him through at the direct primary, or did he mean the men who have foisted upon the city its crumbling bituminous macadam pavements, or did he refer to the eminent supporters he had who, during the bribery investigations, stood on their constitutional rights, or had he in mind the men who have a "snap" in renting carts to the street department, or was he thinking of those who manipulated sudden rises in price on land they intend to dispose of for engine-house sites, or was he glancing obliquely at construction companies composed of politicians supporting him, which aim at getting the contracts that are to eat up the bond issue, when he gets it? Is Mayor Wells going to break away from "the vicious elements" that backed him, and that spent "the Wells fund" in the venal Republican wards in South St. Louis? Mr. Wells was himself the candidate of the vicious elements. Maybe he didn't know it. But it is good news if he is going to entirpate those elements after they have done so much to exalt him. Let the extirpation begin.

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Secret Order Flubdub

WE read in the newspapers that "while Ebenezer Runyan was being initiated by the local lodge of Knights of Pythias at Felsenthal, Ark., the other evening, he was shot and instantly killed. Charles Filler was officiating, and was using a revolver, which, in some way, had been loaded, although it was supposed to contain only blank cartridges. The bullet entered Runyan's brain." The last quoted sentence seems a flight of the imagination. Can people really have brains who see fun in such mummery and flummery as characterizes initiations in our "secret orders?" And is it not matter of serious doubt that the whole secret order business so prevalent in this country is of any benefit either to general intelligence or of general morality? "Solemn" initiations are usually puerile stuff. Fake initiations are upon about the same level as the practical joke, which is the mark of the fool. Why should people go into secret orders and pledge themselves, at best, to do only what they are required to do by the obligations of common courtesy, kindness and Christianity? The secret order business is much overdone. It is developing into a sort of political and sometimes a business graft. A few smart fellows in the order exploit the greater number for their own ends. There is a painful fre-

agency about the stories of defalcations by the custodians of secret order funds, while the collapse of the benevolent insurance schemes of most of them is a warning against eleusinian finance. Secret orders are by some extreme persons considered "dangerous." With such fulminations no sane person can have sympathy. Secret orders, as they increase and multiply in this country, with their flamboyant titles and their altisonantic rituals and their elaboration of philanthropic cant, are becoming ridiculous and absurd. They seem to be getting preposterous, too. Why secret societies in a free Republic? Why "knights" and "ladies" and "lords" and such in a democracy? It's about time we should look this secret order business in the eye and laugh it out of existence. It is a silly anachronism. There is not a purpose for which a secret order is founded that cannot be as well and better furthered without the appurtenances of mummery and flubdub which are contrived to appeal to a half-baked imagination and an unconscious snobbery of exclusiveness upon the part of the dear people. Secret orders are perhaps a proper or permissible play for college boys and girls, but for adults, no.

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A Bugaboo Exploded

"MUNICIPAL ownership," the franchise grabbers cry, "will mean an army of employees operating the utilities to dominate elections and keep their friends in power." As if the army of the employees of privately operated utilities are not in politics now and working for the interests of the business bosses of the political bosses of both parties. But with municipally operated utilities the employees can be taken out of politics by establishing the merit system in public employment and cutting out political pull. Municipal ownership under a merit system of employment of operatives would take the operatives out of politics, would, in fact, make them a valuably independent voting class by reason of their familiarity with conditions and men in the public service. Thus is the political army of employees, the anti-municipal-ownership bugaboo exploded.

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Not a "Judge"

THE NEW YORK *Sun* editorially refers to one of the President's specially appointed counsel in the Santa Fe rebate cases as Judge Judson. And out here, where we know and love the gentleman thus frigidly referred to, we never allude to him except affectionately as "Freddie, Old Sport." "Judge" Judson, forsooth! Ah, the *Sun* has never seen our Freddie out with the boys, whooping 'em up. We will not have it that one so festively inclined shall be laden with heavy honors that will act upon him as a "lid" upon his effervescent, contagious gayety.

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Testing the Race Gambling Law

It is understood that the racing syndicate is going to "test the law" making race-betting a felony. They will try to run their game, and after a conviction, carry the case to the Supreme Court. That's their privilege, but it is not their privilege to keep up the race gambling game until the test case is finally decided. The law is the law until the highest court finally passes upon it. Race-gambling will be in violation of that law until that law is declared unconstitutional. The police authorities have no discretion but to enforce the law until it is declared unconstitutional. Gambling cannot be carried on unhampered, pending final decision of constitutional points. The racing game should be raided by the police every day it runs, or, if necessary, the militia should

be called out to stop it, until the law is declared to be not sound law. The law must not be tested by a continuous violation of its provisions. A convicted burglar whose case is on appeal might as well be allowed to go on burgling without interference until his appeal is decided, as that race gambling should be permitted to run wide open until the court passes upon the validity of the statute against the practice.

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A Neat Steal

THE story in this issue about Governor Dockery's high-finance "deal" in convict labor is interesting as showing the very last gasp of the old machine in Missouri. It looks like a neat "steal" for the prison contractors.

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Local Democratic Squabbles

EXCISE COMMISSIONER MULVHILL, a Folk appointee, is chairman of the ward organization committee of the Jefferson Club, and he wants to have a big say as to filling the jobs under the newly elected Democratic officials. It is the beginning of the fight between the City Committee and the Jefferson Club for the patronage pap. All alleged supporters of Butler in the city offices are being thrown out. Senator Kinney is believed to hold the balance of power and the key to the situation in the committee and the House of Delegates, as between Butler and all other forces. Street Commissioner Varrelman refuses to resign, and so there will be no immediate appointment of either Hiram Phillips or Tom Jenkins to his place to build up a machine. Varrelman was half willing, but Wells wouldn't let him—which is a Wells throw-down of the boys. There is no visible chance of bouncing Dr. Simon from the Health Commissionership, because he tried to run for Mayor. Republicans are going to ask important offices from Wells because Republicans, and not Democrats, elected him, and he knows it and will recognize them. Politicians are finding their friends and proteges on the police force shifted to undesirable places. All the Democratic saloon-keepers are sore and kicking about the Sunday law. The brewers, who supported Wells for Mayor on the assurance that there would be no dry Sunday enforcement, are mad. There are thousands of clamorous Democrats who can't get jobs because the re-elected Democrats are going to hold their old appointees. Democracy is split wider open rather than brought together by its recent "victory."

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Chicago's Mayor and Ours

MAYOR DUNNE of Chicago has thirteen children, evidently not an unlucky number in politics. He also has nerve, and is going after the Chicago traction companies to force the absorption of their properties by the city. Happy Chicago, not to have a Mayor controlled by a Big Cinch, and not to have a Mayor whose brain is a conglomerate of convolutions of red tape. Mayor Dunne may not force municipal ownership of street railways immediately, but he has forced the erstwhile tyrannical capitalist or Big Cinch bunch of that town to sing mighty low and small.

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Bryan and Parker

ALTON BROOKS PARKER made a conservative speech at the New York Jefferson dinner. It fell flat everywhere but in Wall street, and the bank directors' rooms all over the country. Mr. Bryan espoused the public ownership idea, and the whole country responds to it approvingly. Parker is regarded as a dead one who doesn't know he is dead. Bryan is, at least, awake. Parker's conservatism is fossilism.

Bryan shows he knows a new National issue when he sees it. Parker speaks for privilege and special interests. Bryan talks with the voice of the people against further exploitation of the people by high-finance, franchise grafters. National Democracy will go with Bryan. Parker showed himself a dullard as a leader last year. He said the wrong things at the wrong times, was too late when he wasn't too previous. Nothing Parker says has any weight with anyone. He had his chance and "fell down." When he poses as a leader of anything he insults public intelligence. Bryan has him beat a mile for grit and gumption and good grace.

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An Overtaxed Town

BATH-TUBS are now taxed \$15 per year in St. Louis. A victory for the great unwashed! Another device to make this a dry town. How Little Rolla does love to tax us. Now it's a bond issue, next it's a penalty on cleanliness, again it's an impost on the poor devil of a street candy vendor. Nero wished all Rome had but one head that he might decapitate it at a single blow. Little Rolla Wells, our fumble-headed Mayor, acts as if he wishes all St. Louis had but a single dollar that he might tax it away at one single levy. Great is Little Rolla. He will tax everybody except his friends, the franchise grabbers and the bondholders, who can secrete their securities beyond his jurisdiction.

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Woods Full of Presidential Timber

VICE-PRESIDENT FAIRBANKS has been having his hour in the sun during President Roosevelt's rustle after ba'ar in Colorado. This gives him a look-in on what is called the Republican succession. But Fairbanks isn't much of a favorite in the early betting. With Elihu Root as a possibility and W. H. Taft in public view holding down the lid efficiently, and Cortelyou looking like the sleekest man of destiny, and Leslie Mortier Shaw showing how a bucolic temperament and disposition are not inharmonious with financial genius, and Robert Marion La Follette tickling the grangers with his idea of government control of railroads, and others likely to pop up into prominence almost any day, the towering Mr. Fairbanks has not much advantage. In fact, Mr. Fairbanks is at a disadvantage, because any of the men mentioned is more popular than he is. Secretary Hay is, of course, out of the race, because of his "incurable disease"—old age. The Republicans have plenty of Presidential timber, and therefore there is no need to pay any attention to the New York *World's* declaration that Roosevelt will break his word to the people and become a candidate for re-election. For once and the first time in a long time the Democrats have a good showing of possibilities. Public ownership having come to the front, Tom L. Johnson looms up bigger than ever before. Dr. L. C. F. Garvin, Rhode Island's reform leader, is likely to be discovered in this connection. Then there is Governor Folk of Missouri, who has a big reputation, and a growing one. Mr. Bryan himself cannot be ignored as a possibility. William R. Hearst will be in the melee again because of his labor championship, and his fight for public control of public utilities. The South may develop someone in this class in the next Congress, but John Sharpe Williams is down and out, because of his hand in the Parker fiasco. Up to date Folk is the biggest and most probable probability on the Democratic side of the Presidential problem, while that distinction lies between Messrs. Root and Taft on the Republican side, with Taft a shade the more popular because of his miscibility, although Root appeals more to the men who want to go slow. The

campaign in both parties is "on" right now, and will be so every day until the summer of 1908, and the things that President Roosevelt will do—and he'll always be doing something—will materially affect the fortunes and prospects of every possibility in both the great parties. He will set them all an awful pace, we may be sure.

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Our Terminal Question

AS RELATED elsewhere in this issue, the whole terminal question—switching charges, bridge arbitrary, through bill of lading and all—is in a fair way to settle itself through the operation of the law of business competition. One injection of St. Louis men into the high railroad management forces the other roads to come to terms favorable to the city. And the man who did it hasn't been one of the "resolvers" or prancing in the newspaper limelight. "Jim" Campbell has "delivered the goods" while others have been shrieking against monopoly for a reform to the bringing about of which they did not contribute the faintest glimmer of a practical idea. These resolvers have been howling for a new bridge. Mr. Campbell, or the Frisco, the Rock Island and the Eastern Illinois have taken up the use of a new bridge at Thebes to get in the St. Louis terminal game, and didn't wait for it to be made free either. The Gould interests gladly permit the use of the Thebes bridge to cut in on the terminal charges in which the Goulds are heavily concerned. "Business is business," and that's the thing that's settling the terminal question, and not foolish resolutions. A little competition does more to show the railroads what they ought to do for St. Louis than all our frantic hollering. If there were a few more good, first-class St. Louis men in the boards of direction of some of the roads in the Terminal Association there would be more consideration shown St. Louis, but no, the St. Louis capitalist generally is afraid of the great railway game and stays out of it. The trouble with St. Louis has always been that it has had no representation in the boards of the roads centering here, and the men interested in Chicago have favored that city or any other city before favoring this community.

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High Finance in Divorce

DIVORCE ethics grow more complicated. If it be undecided whether the co-respondent male, who marries the injuring party after her divorce, shall pay the expenses of the proceedings that leave her free to legalize their love, and if it be an open question whether one shall socially recognize one's legally separated partner, it is more important that there should be a decision on the point whether if a woman brings a man a fortune on her marriage and then gets a divorce from him, he shall make her an allowance out of her own money. It was announced in Chicago the other day that the suit for divorce which Mrs. Allen F. Black had brought against Harry S. Black, former president of the United States Realty and Construction Company of New York, had been settled by Mr. Black allowing his wife \$6,000,000 of their joint estate. The estate came from Mrs. Black's father, who was George A. Fuller, founder of the George A. Fuller Construction Company. Mrs. Black evidently thinks it's all right to take half of her own money in order to get free of the man who was staked by her father. Unquestionably it was a good thing for Mr. Black. This case shows that marriage as a lottery has one splendid advantage over other lotteries, that one may lose and win at the same time. If a *chevalier d'industrie* can marry a girl and get all her money, and then refuse to let her go free unless she consents to take half of what she brought him, he is a veritable Napoleon of high-finance. Mrs.

Black probably thinks she's getting off light at having to let go of only \$6,000,000 in order to get rid of her husband. When a case of mismating, however, takes on so frankly the aspects of a business deal and is so brazenly exploited in the papers like any other financial transaction, as in securities or real estate, what becomes of the law's attitude with regard to collusion between the separating parties? Doesn't a case like this of the Blacks show that the idea of a marriage as a civil contract and no more is being carried too far? Even the most libertine of us, to say nothing of the mere liberalists, is apt to be revolted by this cold-blooded financial dickering with a wife about to be cast aside after the old manner of settling with a cantankerous mistress who threatens to go to the church and interrupt the ceremony if she isn't to be paid for her time as a wife of the left hand.

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Handkerchiefs

A CONTRIBUTOR tells us elsewhere in this issue that we must use the mouchoir more in this community if we wish to reach the million mark. But a contributor who can't enforce his point without resort to the frazzled *cliche* and shop-worn tag of the last verse of Bobby Burns' lines to a louse on a lady's bonnet is not to be regarded quite seriously. There is nothing justifying a man who uses played out quotations in criticism of this city for any shortcoming. A trite quotation is as bad a sign in a man as a habit of punning. Probably there is not enough use of the handkerchief here, but the critic of our failing in this respect should at least give us credit for an anti-spitting ordinance which would seem to be applicable to the subject of his complaint. But St. Louis, with all its faults, is not a city that will listen to a critic who uses the "see ourselves as others see us" idea as if it were a new and startling discovery of miraculous appositeness.

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Wainwright's Money

ST. LOUISANS have read quite recently that Mr. Ellis Wainwright, living in Paris, was selling out all his property in this city and transferring his funds to the City of Light, where he intends to live so long as there is pending against him here an indictment for indorsing the note on which the \$135,000 was secured to supply the boodle to pass the Suburban Railway bill. This is a sad blow to the city, but it is all the sadder because it is announced upon good authority that prior to the finding of the indictment and Mr. Wainwright's involuntary expatriation, Mr. Wainwright had made a will leaving his entire fortune to the St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts. Thus do we see that morals are purified at the expense of culture in this city. As the other man who indorsed the fatal promissory note was acquitted on the State's evidence by order of the court, and Mr. Wainwright indorsed under the same circumstances which exculpated his co-indorser, it might be well to open negotiations with him looking to a *nolle prosequi* of his case conditioned upon his renewing the will, which he must have destroyed when he determined to have no more to do with the city that struck him in his reputation, but, of course, there would be objection to this, now that there has been raised such a hullabaloo about the acceptance of tainted money as a bequest for any purpose, however good. Mr. Wainwright, however, didn't get any of the \$135,000, and neither did any of the Councilmen or Delegates for whom it was raised, and therefore it did not taint the other money of which he was seized and possessed, and which he intended to leave to the Museum of Fine Arts. Isn't it too bad that the good and evil are so mixed up in life that only

those people who have the least breadth or depth of intelligence are without hesitation when it comes to pass judgment on a man who is found out in one bad thing, though all his good deeds may be hidden by his own modesty?

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That Equitable Graft

IN the Equitable muss, Jimmie Hyde, by disgorging his share of the profits of selling securities to his own company, has put it up to the opposition to do the same thing, as they were in some of the "deals" with him. They will have to give up willingly or he will drag the evidence out of them in a suit in court. Hyde's action shows how the Equitable was worked by a ring within the directory. The ring got a lot of stock at a certain figure, boosted it up to a certain figure on the market, then sold it at a little lower than the market price to themselves as Equitable directors, yet at a heavy advance over its real value. Thus they filled their pockets out of the funds belonging to the policy holders, doing it with all technical legitimacy, but, in reality, dishonestly. They worked a big graft. Jimmie Hyde is young, and he can't stand criticism, as some of the older fellows do. He has coughed up under fire, but his action makes it incumbent on some of the people who have been trying to hamstring him in the company, to either follow his example or be shown up as equally guilty with him. It is to be said for Jimmie that he is young, and that when he succeeded to his father's share in the company he fell in with the customs he found in vogue among the men who are now fighting him. Having found that this was wrong, he makes restitution. Will the others do the same? And how about other similar transactions of inner rings milking and grafting upon the other great insurance companies? The giant insurance graft should be thoroughly exposed. It will be an atrocious thing if the great swindle and steal of the inner syndicates in the directories should be covered up and the plundering scheme hushed up by sacrificing "Jimmie" Hyde as what the franker crooks known to the police call "the fall guy." Jimmie has played a mighty strong card against his enemy, Mr. Alexander, and the latter is evidently at a loss what to lead in answer. The forcing of young Hyde's hand has brought the fundamental trouble to the surface. It is plain that in the Equitable muddle it is only a case of thieves falling out. The policy holders may get their dues, and they may not. In any event, the public will learn how great fortunes are made by men who don't actually steal other people's money, but use it lavishly without any compensation. The Equitable crowd had over \$400,000,000 belonging to policy holders to use in their own deals, and after using it they took the profit. President Roosevelt surely had a good "hunch" when he wrote in his message about the advisability of government supervision and regulation of the great insurance companies.

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John Drew Draws

IF only Mr. John Drew would get him a play in which he wouldn't look like Comptroller Jim Player smoking a bad cigar, I would be happy. What is it that makes Mr. John Drew always look as if he smelled something that sort of made him mad? And is it possible that it is impossible for anyone to write a play for John Drew in which John Drew shall not have to wear those leg-o-mutton riding breeches with posterior reinforcements, in which we have seen him for lo these many years? Mr. Drew is a good actor of a family of good actors, but there's no earthly reason why he should appear to feel so bad about it. Really there isn't. The spectators don't feel bad at all. They like him in a play in which he is blun-

deringly good intentioned and stammerful, but they would like to see him in some role other than that of himself now and again. The dryness of Drew is the most amazing thing about him. He ought to be awfully good for the bars around the Olympic neighborhood this week for this siccancy would inspire thirst in the rankest Prohibitionist ever. Mr. Drew, in the approaches he makes to the pathetic, is so parching in his dryness that he completely reverses the condition of things in the audience when there shouldn't be a dry eye in the house. Yet there's one thing about John Drew for which we cherish him. He isn't afraid to act with good actors, and so we have him sharing honors generously with that most excellent mime, Fred Gottschalk, and eke with the lovely and plastic Margaret Dale. There is no personality on the stage of this or any other country quite like John Drew, with his touch of homeliness in elegance and his suggestion of sentiment under the mannerism which is he. His *Duke of Killiecrankie* is of the old type of a sort of fuddling breeziness, and he moves through a scintillant play with his usual grace, duly mitigated by his resemblance to our worthy Comptroller at the moment of discovering a bad oyster in his order. And Fanny Borough is a revelation of sprightly wholesomeness.

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Art vs. Theatrical Trust

WE'VE been hearing much of the degeneracy of the stage lately. It has degenerated. But not more so than journalism, since Greely and Dana. Not more than the magazines have degenerated since the Autocrat wrote for the *Atlantic*. Not more than the pulpit since Beecher and Phillips Brooks. There are no big American playwrights? True. But neither is there a great American editor, novelist, poet, preacher, painter, so why should we lament that we have not a great actor like Irving or Coquelin or Salvini, or an actress like Duse or Bernhardt or Rejane, or even Mrs. Patrick Campbell—especially as we have Mansfield ranking with the best, and Miss Marlowe, and even Mrs. Leslie Carter, great even despite her crudity in spots. We haven't a good drama or a noble stage simply because we haven't taken time for it. We're too busy just yet. We haven't taken the stage quite seriously, and our culture hasn't come to a point of appreciation of mere simulation of emotion. All this has nothing whatever to do with the Theatrical Trust. The Trust caters to its public, and the public is satisfied. The people who complain are mostly too intellectual to be amused, and if the Trust catered to them in its plays, if it tried to give them Materlinck, Ibsen, Hauptmann, it would have mighty slim houses and slimmer profits. We have the sort of a stage we deserve, and that's about the truth. The Theatrical Trust can't be expected to give us plays that won't draw patronage. That's not business, and art that isn't business, too, doesn't go in this country. The Trust is a tyranny and a nuisance, but it isn't to be condemned for catering to the average of public taste—mostly common or bad.

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Mr. Greet at the Odeon

WE shall see how much we long for the higher dramatic art and escape from the Trust when the Odeon becomes an Independent Theater. The Odeon management has tried to break up the Trust. It has made splendid offers to Belasco, to Mrs. Fiske, to Hackett and to other actors, actresses and managers opposed to the Trust to come out here and play upon its stage, but they wouldn't come, except upon terms too exacting to be met by any concern newly entering upon conflict with the great show octopus. We shall see how many of the Contemporary Club will go to

the Odeon, and how often, when the excellent and artistic Mr. Ben Greet comes here to give us a taste of his Shakespearean revival with the added piquancy and curiosity of presentation as nearly as possible in exact imitation of the conditions of stage presentation in the days of the Elizabethans. Mr. Greet is to give us Shakespeare cold, as it were, and without trimmings. We shall see how much the people will care for nothing but the spirit and utterance of Sweet Will of Avon divested of scenic splendor, and such accessories as we have known, in the revivals by Irving, Mansfield, Viola Allen, Sothorn, Marlowe and some others. Mr. Greet will leave much to our imagination, in attempt to render Shakespeare in such fashion as to make the mere words and gestures evoke the pictures of the setting as effectively as in the time when at the Globe the change of scene was marked only by a placard announcing the place as Rome or Athens or "Illyria, lady." Mr. Greet has a repertoire that is fully inclusive of the best of Shakespeare. His presentation is a novelty of antiquarian interest. Yet the Odeon announces it, and the daily papers that deplore the stage's degeneracy and denounce the Trust's monopoly have little or nothing to say about it. I doubt if the people of St. Louis really know or care that the Odeon management is trying to give them a chance to see shows from which the Trust has cut off this city. I doubt if the public who join in clamor against the Trust know or care about the work which Mr. Ben Greet is doing. Eight out of ten people are more interested in the Rogers Brothers or Chauncey Olcott, or mayhap the banale "Ben Hur" or the equally banale "Sign of the Cross." Mr. Greet comes unheralded, perhaps because the heralding might cost the papers a few lines daily of Trust theater advertising. The matinee girl and the man with the matinee girl mind do not care for Mr. Ben Greet, who has been given the chair of dramatic art at Stanford University. The theater-goer doesn't care for the Odeon, because he or she has been in the habit of going to the Olympic and the Century, and besides, the papers don't give full page stories about Mr. Ben Greet and his really artistic enterprise. The papers didn't care for or understand Mr. Greet's enterprise when he presented the early mystery play "Everyman." The papers don't care for anything that isn't sensational, and doesn't advertise generously. Yet Mr. Greet and his associates are coming here to put up an opposition to the much hated Trust. They are coming to give us the best plays in the world as nearly as possible as they were presented fresh from the hand and under the supervision of their author, the greatest dramatist the world has ever known, to show us Shakespeare on the stage exactly as Shakespeare saw himself staged. This is to be an event, a business event, a dramatic event. Yet the Odeon management receives little or no gratuitous advertisement in its effort to break the Trust's shackles and to give us plays than which there are no better and in a fashion unique in historic interest. If we mean business when we cry, "Down with the Trust," and when we groan over the quality of the play that the Trust gives us in St. Louis, we should make the Greet revival a real success, and fill the Odeon at every performance during the stay of the Greet attraction. We shall see what we shall see. If I were Mr. Harry Walker, manager of the Odeon, I would take what I think is the first step necessary to get people to the theater in St. Louis, in order to secure houses for Mr. Greet. I would buy space in the papers and announce that in that space each morning during the Greet engagement there would be printed not a careful criticism of the performance the night before, but a list of those

present in the audience. That's what takes the place of dramatic criticism in the St. Louis papers. And St. Louisans will take in any old show so long as they have a chance to be recorded as "among the society people present last evening." So here's a welcome of a sort to Mr. Ben Greet, student and artist,—and here's hoping the Odeon management will find it can get some encouragement for art, but the Lord have mercy on their souls, for Ben Greet is not "the fashion" and Shakespeare has no catchy airs or local gags, and no legginess of chorus.

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On a Redbreast

Singing at the Grave of Plato
In the Grove of Academe
By Fiona McLeod

THE rose of gloaming everywhere!
And through the silence cool and sweet
A song falls through the golden air
And stays my feet—
For there! . . .
This very moment surely I have heard
The sudden, swift, incalculable word
That takes me o'er the foam
Of these empurpling, dim Ionian seas,
That takes me home
To where
Far on an isle of the far Hebrides
Sits on a spray of gorse a little home-sweet bird.

The great white Attic poplars rise,
And down their tremulous stairs I hear
Light airs and delicate sighs.
Even here
Outside this grove of ancient olive-trees,
Close by this trickling murmuring stream,
Was laid long, long ago, men say,
That lordly Prince of Peace
Who loved to wander here from day to day,
Plato, who from this Academe
Sent radiant dreams sublime
Across the troubled seas of time,
Dreams that not yet are passed away,
Nor faded grown, nor gray,
But white, immortal are
As that great star
That yonder hangs above Hymetto's brow.

But now
It is not he, the Dreamer of the Dream,
That holds my thought.
Greece, Plato, and the Academe
Are all forgot:
It is as though I am unloosed by hands:
My heart aches for the gray-green seas
That hold a lonely isle
Far in the Hebrides,
An isle where all day long
The redbreast's song
Goes fluting on the wind o'er lonely sands.

So beautiful, so beautiful
Is Hellas, here.
Divinely clear
The mellow golden air,
Filled, as a rose is full,
Of delicate flame:
And oh, the secret tides of thought and dream
That haunt this slow Kephisian stream!
But yet more sweet, more beautiful, more dear
The secret tides of memory and thought
That link me to the far-off shore
For which I long—
Greece, Plato, and the Academe forgot
For a robin's song!

From the London Academy

The Mouchoir and the Million Club

By Utha Manners

THE first duty of the Million Club should be to institute a "Society to Encourage the Use of Pocket Handkerchiefs."

In no other city in civilization is the nose so brutally and disgustingly treated.

On Olive street one sees well dressed men step to the edge of the sidewalk, with the left hand hold the skirts of the coat to the body, with the index finger of the right hand successively press the nostrils, and with two ejaculations, expel the mucosity, then with a handkerchief wipe away remaining adhesions on nose and finger. The carters, drivers, porters and the crowd simply pinch both nostrils at once, and with a snap of the fingers and a blast, the trick is done; trousers or coat serving the balance. In hotels well appearing men lean over and aim at the large spittoons, trusting to luck for the success of their marksmanship. Emerging from a celebrated bar opposite the Merchants' Exchange, of four men three stopped at the sidewalk to relieve themselves as in the first cited example; then crossed to resume trading.

Those "native and to the manner born" may not have realized the extent of these practices. Let them observe for an hour, and they will see that "naught has been here set down in malice."

Aside from its filthiness, pathologists tells us such

practice is dangerous. The nose should be gently and carefully blown, soft handkerchiefs held lightly, and no great force exerted. In blowing hard, the nostrils, when obstructed, create a backward air pressure, causing the dropping of bacteria-laden secretions into the pharynx; or by the unnatural pressure on the eustachian tubes, excite annoying and painful ear troubles.

In two cities they excel in the use of the handkerchief—Paris and Tokio. The Frenchman quickly inserts his nose into his "mouchoir," and with little exertion is finished. Well-bred people in Paris expectorate in the same as well. The Japanese, in many instances, use squares of thin paper, destroyed at frequent intervals, perhaps the cleanliest and most sanitary of all methods.

Since squares of Japanese paper, which simulate handkerchiefs so closely as to be indistinguishable at three feet, can be procured at all large stores at eight to twelve cents per hundred, would it not be well for the society to foster a commencement with these cheap and cleanly substitutes, gradually working up to the linen and silk elegancies that cost to launder?

*"Oh, wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursels as others see us;
'Twad from many an error free us
And foolish notion."*

An Epitome of an Empty Music Season

By Pierre Marteau

THE end of the music season is in sight. Gadske and the orchestra wound up the Choral Symphony's series of concerts on Monday, the Kneisel Quartette performed the same office for the Union Musical Club recently, the Morning Choral Club gives its closing concert on Monday next, and the following week sees the finish of the Apollo's series. Several recitals and the usual number of benefit concerts remain, but within two weeks the music season in St. Louis—such as it is—will be at an end.

A glance at the records of the year shows a discouraging state of affairs. Good concerts have been few, and, excepting Savage's serio-comic "Parsifal," we have had no opera. The real music of the year by artists of the first rank, was the Kneisel quartette concert, the Ysaye recital, the Kreisler-Hofmann recital. Vecsey, the child violinist, was interesting and astonishing. Melba and company were mediocre in programme and performance. Paderewski pounded a protesting piano, and Schumann-Heink having joined the army of dialect farceurs, cavorted clumsily—vocally and physically—in comic opera.

The chief local musical organization, the Choral Symphony Society to-wit, its three great soloists excepted, furnished but poor pabulum to the music hungry. "The Messiah" is the only one of the larger choral works presented, and its performance was a pitiful exhibition of neglect and incompetence on the part of the conductor. The symphonies given were repetitions—in fact, not one work new to the Society's subscribers was performed during the entire season. Some of the programmes smacked of the village music festival—for instance, the recent miscellaneous concert, on which occasion the poor, bat-

tered trio from "Atila," and the prison scene from "Faust" were prominent numbers.

Financially the society has been in a far worse state than it at present finds itself, and if the invertebrate "management" will have the courage of its convictions, it can now do much to elevate the C. S. S. artistically.

The people who control the society have the best intentions, their motives are pure and disinterested, but they are too amiably acquiescent; spineless. The society needs and wants, a good conductor, one who will build up the chorus and enthuse the orchestra; a man of energy and ambition who knows and loves his work, and though opportunities to secure conductors possessing these qualifications are not lacking, at present there are no indications that the "Board of Management" will avail itself of them.

However, unless there is some energetic effort made to rehabilitate it artistically, there is absolutely no future for the society. The chorus, once the musical pride of this city, is an attenuated, apathetic body, the work of the orchestra lacks enthusiasm—a sympathetic, competent leader is essential to insure a change for the better. This city is absurdly provincial musically, and it depends almost entirely upon the conduct of the Choral-Symphony whether its condition will ever be less humiliating. The Morning Choral, Musical Union and Apollo Clubs are all very well in their way, but a Symphony orchestra determines the standing of a community in the musical world more than any other organization.

A significant sign of our low estate is the fact that in recent years no musician of parts has taken up his residence here. Teachers of various branches of music there have been several, but the average

music teacher is not a broad musician, and does little or nothing to build up art in a community—all of the teacher's energy being usually devoted to the gathering of a remunerative class.

It is astounding how few artists of distinction—vocalists or instrumentalists—there are in this great city. With two or three notable exceptions there are no singers or pianists who can give a creditable recital, or whose work would command the attention or respect of any enlightened community. In fact, there is a woeful dearth of singers or players of even moderate ability, as witness the present scramble for respectable choir singers and organists by music committees of various churches.

One reason, probably the reason, for this remarkable condition, is the fact that outside of choir lofts there is practically no opportunity for either a vocalist or an instrumentalist to do any work here; musical societies, as a rule, bar "local talent," and the outlying districts draw on Chicago or New York for material.

An attempt has been made to establish a local agency, which, if it could be done successfully would materially help matters. However, the young man behind whose high forehead was germinated the brilliant scheme of supplying a large part of the United States with musical "talent" from St. Louis, evidently failed to make the desired impression, either by the "quality" of the artists offered, or by his original manner of offering.

As an example of "How not to conduct a musical agency," an exposition of the "scheme" may be of interest. Early last September this active young man, who is more or less the front of the Apollo Club, from an end elevation, addressed a circular letter to every prominent and every obscure local "artist" in St. Louis in all branches of music, from the coloratura soprano to the mandolin player. Characteristic confidence and complacency were displayed in this document, in which the would-be impressario said:

"The great number of favorable replies which I received in response to the letter which I sent to the professional vocalists and musicians of St. Louis a short time ago, leads me to believe that the St. Louis Bureau of Music will be an unqualified success. I therefore desire to thank you for your co-operation with me in this undertaking, and I assure you I will do all in my power to further your interests and procure for you as many engagements as possible.

"I have already sent out notices to the various clubs and societies throughout the States of Alabama, Arkansas, Colorado, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Minnesota, Missouri, Nebraska, Ohio, Oklahoma, Tennessee and Texas, asking them to withhold their bookings of artists until they had received my lists."

After acquainting the "artist" with conditions pertaining to the "bureau" as regards commissions and other detail, he closed with the prayer for "a printed folder, your picture to adorn first page, and the other three to contain press notices and whatever other printing you desire to have. The style of these folders is left entirely to your own judgment and taste. The printing matter complete should be sent me not later than September 20th. I should say 200 to begin with."

The sending of the folder "adorned" though it was, and filled with glowing notices from the Belleville Banner and the Tarkio Telegram closed the incident. Evidently even Oklahoma "clubs and societies" had not withheld "their bookings of artists," as "The St. Louis Bureau of Music" secured not a single engagement for its clients, and the ambitious Western Wolfsohn was too engrossed even to acknowledge the receipt of the "folders."

The Hound of Heaven

By Francis Thompson

FLED Him, down the nights and down the days;
 I fled Him, down the arches of the years;
 I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways
 Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears
 I hid from Him, and under running laughter.
 Up vistaed hopes, I sped;
 And shot, precipitated
 Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,
 From those strong Feet that followed, followed
 after.
 But with unhurrying chase,
 And unperturbéd pace,
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
 They beat—and a Voice beat
 More instant than the Feet—
 "All things betray thee, who betrayest Me."

I pleaded, outlaw-wise,
 By many a hearted casement, curtained red,
 Trellised with intertwining charities;
 (For, though I knew His love Who followéd,
 Yet was I sore adread
 Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside)
 But if one little casement parted wide,
 The gust of His approach would clash it to.
 Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.
 Across the margent of the world I fled,
 And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,
 Smiting for shelter on their changèd bars;
 Fretted to dulcet jars
 And silvern chatter the pale ports o' the moon.
 I said to dawn: Be sudden—to eve: Be soon;
 With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over
 From this tremendous Lover!
 Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!
 I tempted all His servitors, but to find
 My own betrayal in their constancy,
 In faith to Him their fickleness to me,
 Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.
 To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;
 Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.
 But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,
 The long savannahs of the blue;
 Or whether, Thunder-driven,
 They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven,
 Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their
 feet:—
 Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.
 Still with unhurrying chase,
 And unperturbéd pace,
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,
 Came on the following Feet,
 And a Voice above their beat—
 "Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me."

I sought no more that, after which I strayed,
 In face of man or maid;
 But still within the little children's eyes
 Seems something, something that repels,
 They at least are for me, surely for me!
 I turned me to them very wistfully;
 But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair
 With dawning answers there,

Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.
 "Come then, ye other children, Nature's—share
 With me" (said I) "your delicate fellowship;
 Let me greet you lip to lip,
 Let me twine with you caresses,
 Wantoning
 With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,
 Banqueting
 With her in her wind-walled palace,
 Underneath her azured dais,
 Quaffing, as your taintless way is,
 From a chalice
 Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring."
 So it was done:
 I in their delicate fellowship was one—
 Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.
 I knew all the swift importings
 On the wilful face of skies;
 I knew how the clouds arise
 Spumed of the wild sea-snorings;
 All that's born or dies
 Rose and drooped with—made them shapers
 Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine—
 With them joyed and was bereaven.
 I was heavy with the even,
 When she lit her glimmering tapers
 Round the day's dead sanctities.
 I laughed in the morning's eyes.
 I triumphed and I saddened with all weather,
 Heaven and I wept together,
 And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine;
 Against the red throb of its sunset-heart
 I laid my own to beat,
 And share commingling heat;
 But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.
 In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's gray cheek.
 For ah! we know not what each other says,
 These things and I; in sound I speak—
 Their sound is but their stir, they speak by silences.
 Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;
 Let her, if she would owe me,
 Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me
 The breasts o' her tenderness:
 Never did any milk of hers once bless
 My thirsting mouth.
 Nigh and nigh draws the chase,
 With unperturbéd pace,
 Deliberate speed, majestic instancy
 And past those noised Feet
 A voice comes yet more fleet—
 "Lo! naught contents thee, who content'st not Me."

Naked I wait Thy love's uplifted stroke!
 My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,
 And smitten me to my knee;
 I am defenceless utterly,
 I slept, methinks, and woke,
 And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.
 In the rash lustihead of my young powers,
 I shook the pillaring hours
 And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,
 I stand amid the dust o' the mounded years—
 My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.

My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,
 Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.

Yea, faileth now even dream
 The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;
 Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist
 I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,
 Are yielding; cords of all too weak account
 For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.

Ah! is Thy love indeed
 A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,
 Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?
 Ah! must—

Designer infinite!—
 Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn
 with it?

My freshness spent its wavering shower 't the dust;
 And now my heart is as a broken fount,
 Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever
 From the dank thoughts that shiver
 Upon the sighful branches of my mind.

Such is; what is to be?
 The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?
 I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;
 Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds
 From the hid battlements of Eternity,
 Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then
 Round the half-glimpséd turrets slowly wash again;

But not ere him who summoneth
 I first have seen, entwined
 With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned;
 His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.
 Whether man's heart or life it be which yields
 Thee harvest, must Thy harvest fields
 Be dunged with rotten death?

Now of that long pursuit
 Comes on at hand the bruit;
 That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:
 "And is thy earth so marred,
 Shattered in shard on shard?
 Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!"

"Strange, piteous, futile thing!
 Wherefore should any set thee love apart?
 Seeing none but I makes much of naught" (He said),
 "And human love needs human meriting:
 How hast thou merited—
 Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?
 Alack, thou knowest not
 How little worthy of any love thou art!
 Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee;
 Save Me, save only Me?
 All which I took from thee I did but take,
 Not for thy harms,
 But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.
 All which thy child's mistake
 Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:
 "—Rise, clasp My hand, and come."

Halts by me that footfall:
 Is my gloom, after all,
 Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?
 "Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,
 I am He Whom thou seekest!
 Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

Satiation

By Oliver White

HE was staring at himself in the glass, and yet he was not conscious that it was himself he saw. He noted that it was the reflection of a tall, slender person clad in exquisite evening dress, that the face was a trifle weak, the eyes dull, the whole effect expressionless. The one feature of the reflection was the white flower in the lapel of his coat. Its glaring whiteness irritated him, it seemed to be the one distinctive note that set him apart from other men. He did not want to be unlike other men. He wanted to be one of the crowd. But, as though a powerful search light were flashed suddenly upon him, he felt himself standing alone, and realized he was an individual. All other individuals had merged themselves into a crowd, and it was this crowd that he wanted to join, that he might escape the ordeal of its concentrated gaze.

There are those who, seemingly, with indifferent ease, carry burdens that would crush stronger and more capable men. The mind becomes accustomed to responsibilities. It accepts them while it is in a dormant state. The man gradually forgets to think as an individual, and could carry the burden of the world without noticing the weight, until one day he remembers that he is only a man. Then, as though a needle point touches his brain, he realizes what he is doing and the horror of his position grips his heart. He is like a man who has unconsciously climbed to the top of a tower and suddenly realizes that he is no stronger than many men below on the street. It may be the merest trifle that awakens him to his sense of aloofness, and he may be strong enough to laugh at the thought and call it an hallucination. If he is very strong he can forget again.

This man standing before the glass was not strong; the trifle had startled him and the fancy had grown into a real and terrible fact. The glaring white flower in his lapel was the trifle. He suddenly realized that, in two hours' time, he would be married.

The white flower seemed to mark him; he wanted to tear it from its place and trample on it. He had a desire to pull off his coat and mutilate it; to slip into his dressing-gown and forget all about the wedding. To be absolutely irresponsible! What right had people to demand his presence at a certain place, at a certain hour, and how dared a crowd expect him to do what he did not care to do? He had changed his mind. They might think him anything they pleased. He had a right to change his mind. A man is his own master. He owes his first duty to his own pleasure.

"Damn them all! Let them say what they please. I'm not going."

He thought this, and yet there was no sign of emotion in the expressionless face in the mirror, and the white flower was still in his lapel and the coat was uninjured.

He felt a sensation of being bound and pushed helplessly forward to his doom, a horrible black doom, and every moment saw him more helpless. He knew he could yet cry out, but was afraid.

The room was very small; he never knew how small a room it was, for he had always felt that the world was his to run about in. He had felt the wonderful joy of freedom, of irresponsibility, but

now he must think of rooms, he must measure his steps.

His face was hot and moist and the room was not only small, but oppressive. He would like to go out on the street and walk or ride in a street car and feel the night breeze on his forehead, but in a few minutes his friend, who was to act as best man, would call for him; his slavery had already commenced; he could not have another moment to spend as he desired.

And who was to blame? Who had suddenly changed his plan of existence, binding him down, when he wanted to be free? The woman. He had met her by chance, so had other men; he had talked to her, casually, at first, so had other men; and finally he had made love to her, so had other men; and yet they were free to roam the great wide world, while he, of all of them, must marry her.

Why could it not have been one of the others? He did no more than they. What right had she to choose him?

He stood at the window and the night air tantalized him with glints of memories. Half-remembered joys of kisses, colors, faces, pleasures, blended themselves together into a sensation that permeated like perfume through his brain.

And this was the end. His dreams must be no more to him. He must put the past in its grave and begin a new life *with somebody always at his side.*



He stood at the table and fumbled aimlessly among the papers. This thought was growing larger and more hideous every moment; he was going to be tied to some one; shackled to a woman. His imagination had already debased the spirit of the ceremony to the materialism of the idea. It was not the preacher's words that were to bind them; it was a chain and a lock. He could hear the lock snap and the chain jangle. He felt the heaviness weighing him down, retarding his steps. So real was the hallucination that he walked hastily about the room to test his strength and swung his arms about to prove that he was still free.

Her picture stared at him from the mantel; "stared" was the word. The eyes were like bits of coal, and he had once seen his future happiness in them. He gazed at the picture from the middle of the room. He noticed that the lips were thick, abnormally thick, that her front teeth, as she smiled, resembled anything but human teeth. They were badly formed, almost grotesquely formed, and her nose—great heaven!—it came to a sharp point, giving her the expression of a ferret.

He rushed to the mantel, snatched the photograph and studied it almost vindictively. Every feature had a flaw, and his excited brain exaggerated every flaw into a ridiculous abnormality. He could feel the thick lips on his, and imagined those cold eyes always staring at him, always demanding what he could not give. The woman was repulsive to him. He hated her, he loathed her.

He gripped the picture and tried to tear it, but something stopped him. Some unexplainable emotion, apart from love or pity, weakened his wrists, and the image was returned to the mantel, but he still glared at it with disgust and loathing. He

was sick with satiation. His heart was stuffy with unrest.

The French time-piece tinkled out eight. He felt his face flushing with rage. He wanted to swear and rave, and only controlled himself by grasping the arms of the chair he sat in.

It was at this moment that Gridly entered the room. To Remsen's excited imagination, it seemed as though Gridly had waited until the exact fraction of a second before making his entrance, and this thought augmented the already strong idea of a mechanical force, that was slowly moving him toward the climax, the marriage.

"Hurry, old chap, I'm afraid we'll be late," said Gridly, as he poured out a glass of brandy and squinted satirically, or so Remsen thought.

"Oh, I suppose it won't matter," he replied. "These things are never pulled off on time."

This time Gridly grinned; any one could see it.

"Trying to appear cynical, eh?" he remarked. "Just as if you didn't realize how devilish important to-night's little event is to you. I passed by the house a little while ago. By jove, the street was swarming with carriages. I tell you, Remsen, you have the leading part in a mighty big affair."

"Brandy, Gridly." Remsen's hand shook as the fingers gripped the glass.

"There's a bracer for you. Come, we have no time to lose,—help you on with your coat?"

"I'll manage it."

Remsen turned down the lamp on the table.

"I'll follow you, Gridly," he said.

The "best man" smiled at him, and stood at the door. "Want to say good-bye to the old room? All right, but hurry."

Remsen was alone. He looked about the room. The moonlight and the subdued glow of the lamp gave it a weird, strange appearance. He scarcely recognized it as his room. He wondered why he had never before appreciated its quaint beauty, its peaceful atmosphere of ease and comfort. He lighted a cigar, and tried to concentrate his mind on one object in the room, but when he tried, all things blurred. Everything in the room was mated; the tables, chairs, dresser, pipes and pipe racks blended together into one perfect impression.

He puffed his cigar and almost closed his eyes. If he could only stay, what an insight he would have into the wonderful joy of Freedom.

"Oh, my God," he sobbed, "what shall I do? This is a horrible—horrible mistake, would it not be better to—"

"Hurry Remsen, we haven't all night."

He ran to the mantel, snatched the photograph and tried to recall some little trick of the features that might momentarily bring back the lost illusion. But the face meant nothing to him. He was absolutely indifferent either to its charms or its faults. He returned it to the mantel, gritted his teeth, and walked out of the room.

The warm evening had enticed thousands into the streets and, as Remsen gazed through the open window of the carriage and heard their laughter and saw them strolling along, flirting, smiling, but above all moving, moving, the intense desire for freedom redoubled.

"Nervous, old chap?" said Gridly.

"No, why should I be nervous?"

"Oh, I don't know. I was just wondering. Do you know, Remsen, you have surprised me? I never fancied you would go so far. You were always such an inconstant beggar, but I suppose it's because you have found your soul's woman."

"God help the man that marries any other," muttered Remsen. He wanted to be contradicted.

"Yes, God help him. Do you know it's that thought that prevents me from making the plunge? How the deuce is a fellow to know. I tell you the risk is too great. Imagine being tied to some one after you've tired of her. You're a lucky chap, of course, but I suppose I'll die in single harness."

"Oh, perhaps you'll meet the one woman."

"I fancy not. You see it's a very serious matter, and I usually avoid those things."

Gridly looked at his watch.

"Good Lord, we have only ten minutes before the ceremony. I say, driver, faster."

Remsen felt the increased speed of the carriage, but was powerless to protest. If he could only call to the driver to turn back and drive in the opposite direction—drive all night, and, by to-morrow, the sound of their gossip could not reach him. Yes, they would talk, but what could they say, that would hurt half so much as giving up his freedom, his right to live his own life in his own way? Again the old feeling of protest was knocking at his heart. Why must he be sacrificed? It was her pride against his career. Surely his life outweighed her petty vanity.

There was yet time. This thought now took possession of him. He could simply tell her that it was a hideous mistake, a crime—anything. They might call him a blackguard. Well, let them. He would bow and walk out. It would be all finally forgotten, and he would be free! free!"

"Here we are, old chap," said Gridly.

The carriage had stopped and the door was opened by a liveried footman.

Police were clubbing the eager crowd who were trying to get under the awning that stretched from the great doors of the house to the sidewalk's edge.

Remsen's face was again absolutely expressionless. He walked up the great stone steps, and despair, and dread, and horror, gripped his heart. In the hall he saw faces, hundreds of them, that he imagined he had seen, somewhere, many, many years before. He fancied he heard music. It was very indistinct and strange. The one tangible impression was the heavy rich perfume of the flowers; it almost gave him courage; it intoxicated him into a dare-devil mood.

Some one took him by the arm and walked with him into a cool room, away from the perfume and the chatter and the music.

It was the bride's father.

Remsen saw the great eagle-face, the powerful aggressive jaw of the old financier, and in an instant the courage and mood of carelessness vanished. He wondered what would happen if the old man suspected, and he looked shyly and timidly at the grim features.

"If he would only give me a chance."

"My boy," said the old fellow, putting his hands on Remsen's shoulders and gazing earnestly and yet hypnotically at Remsen's flushing face. "My boy, are you absolutely positive that you love my daughter?"

Remsen returned the gaze and was silent. Would the old man guess the truth? He was a wise man of the world. Now let him find out for himself.

"Are you sure that she is the only woman in the world, for you? Answer me on your honor."

He felt the clutch of the old man's hands. It unnerved him. He was afraid. The end had come. He must sacrifice himself. It had to be. And yet, if the old man would only read for him-

self, how beautifully the whole affair would be settled. Here was his last chance. He must speak. He would confess even though he were kicked from the house.

"No use," said the old man, as Remsen was about to blurt out the truth. "No use to speak, I see that you really love her."

Handicraft In Prisons

By Elbert Hubbard

IN most penitentiaries and prisons, manufacturing plants have been installed by the State. The object of the plants is: First to work a reformation in the prisoners by useful industry. Second, to make the institution self-supporting.

This scheme, introduced with the best of motives, has failed in its intent on both counts. I will grant, of course, that any kind of work is better than idleness, and it is further admitted that a certain profit has been realized from the labor of the prisoners, that has gone toward the maintenance of the institution. But the original proposition stands, that work as carried on in prisons is not a success, either morally or financially.

The cause of the moral failure lies in the fact that work in every prison is regarded by wardens, keepers, overseers and prisoners as a form of punishment. The guards do not work—the prisoners do.

The financial failure, I believe, is because the industries introduced have been, almost without exception, of a kind and quality in which competition has been most keen and profits too close for an easy management.

The work has demanded little skill, and provided the largest amount of monotony. It has been assumed that "jail-birds" are not skilled, and so the articles manufactured have been of the cheapest and most flimsy sort.

Men are set to work on parts and kept there without hope of promotion. Furniture of the cheapest kind now forms a staple in many prisons; and the men who work at it feed things into machines day after day, month after month, year after year. They are not allowed to talk to other prisoners, nor even to carry materials. They do not express themselves, excepting by stealth. They do one thing, and nothing else, and this a thing that affords no mental stimulus, and adds nothing to the man's usefulness.

The man who stands there at that machine has no interest or pride in his work. He is given a stint and compelled to do it; and as he works he is conscious that a guard with loaded rifle, death in hand, is watching him.

Only one man is suffering deterioration faster than the prisoner, and that is the piece of moral punk who holds the rifle. Every guard in every prison is elected to be damned; and the prisoner's chances of reformation are not much better. In passing it is well to note the fact that in point of virtue a prison guard stands about on a level with the prisoners, and in mental acuteness he lags a little behind. Men become by doing, and the man who holds a gun as a life-work, never becomes anything, not even a necessary part of a machine.

There is no money in the present plan of prison industry for anybody, for the output is of a sort that

is bought only by very poor people. This man in the prison is in competition with women and children who do the same work in factories outside. He is a sweat-shop pawn, and is adding to the general misery of mankind; and if he is intelligent, he knows it. No skill is acquired; there is no mental growth; and the man's chances of getting work when his time expires, are very faint. Thousands of men, unhandicapped by a prison record, out of work, can do his task as well as he. The only change in the man is that when he entered prison he represented crime, and now he mirrors nullity—weakness. Sin is misdirected energy, and the capacity for wrong means also the capacity for good; but weakness is the capacity for nothing.

It was the end, the thing must go through. Remsen's last chance was gone, and he didn't care.

"But why do you ask such a question?"

"Because," said the financier, and his nails sank into Remsen's shoulders, "Because, she has just run off with the coachman. For God's sake, man, don't make a scene!"

To such a degree of cheapness have prison-made goods been carried that the name "prison-made" has become a stigma and a synonym for the tawdry. The sales agents in certain instances taking advantage of the cheap production, have undersold "free labor" and the result has been a fine hullabaloo from the Trades Unions, with reasons more or less cogent and conclusive.

Of prisoners in State penitentiaries, not over five per cent are any more vicious in their instincts than the men outside. We find, on acquaintance, that the man in a striped suit is very much a man like ourselves. He has done something, while we have only thought it. He often lacks caution and he lacks will. Yet through the right influence at the right moment—his will supplemented by another—he might be outside; and a temptation coming to us when impulse was strong, we might now be in his place.

"What kind of men compose the House of Commons?" asked Oliver Goldsmith of Ursa Major.

"Sir," said Dr. Johnson, "take the first fifty men coming down Fleet street."

The prisoner is a man and a brother. Our desire is to help him to help himself, and thereby help ourselves. Grant that he must be restrained and a limit put on his liberty, yet if we can make restraint largely moral and a matter of psychology, the greater are we. When we give this man back to society, we hope to give back a man that society needs, not one whom society would shun or gladly spare.

Revenge and punishment are things of the past. Revenge belongs to the savage, and the germ of punishment lies in the act. "Vengeance is mine, and I will repay," saith the Lord. And the Lord needs no help.

This leaves us free to teach.

And so I am brought up to the vital point of this paragraph: Set prisoners to work at hand-work. Do not suggest revolt by placing the man on a treadmill.

We grow through expression, and the only way

to reform a man is through the right exercise of his faculties; thus allowing the man to reform himself.

Education should be through self-activity, not through punishment and repression.

The Kindergarten idea has been partially introduced at the Illinois State Reform School at Pontiac, Ill., and the results have been most encouraging—a marvel, often, even to the teachers. And if boys from twelve to eighteen can be managed by kindness, full grown men can also. In fact, the youth of, say, sixteen, is the hardest proposition that confronts either the pedagogue or penologist. The lad who is neither a man nor a boy, and considers himself immortal, is much more dangerous than a criminal of mature years. Even in many "good" boys, just turned into adolescence, revolution is rife, and discretion and caution are at low ebb.

I am positive that I can take, just as they come, twenty-five Sing Sing men, and by the Kindergarten method, manage them, in a room alone, day after day, without arms or a guard, in a perfectly orderly and decent manner. I can teach them to express themselves in useful work, and can gradually develop among the most of them a degree of deftness and skill that will make them self-supporting.

More than this, I can secure, in a week, a hundred men and women who can teach just as well as I can. And I am not sure but that men prisoners can be taught best by women, and women prisoners taught best by men.

The Kindergarten method should be used in its entirety—that is, there should be music, singing, marches and calisthenics to relieve nerve-tension. Also there should be oral expression under proper regulations, instead of the grim, deathly silence of the present prison.

Men can be led away from the bad by making the life affirmative; and so these men should be set to making things with their hands; and gradually promoted from the simple work to the more complex.

From grown men Sloyd would be the simplest form of work, and this would lead to carpentry, wood-carving, cabinet work, ornamental blacksmithing and weaving. The simple weaving of "homespun" and bed covers would lead some straight to tapestries, just as wood-carving, modeling and drawing would lead the elect few to art.

Such industries would surely work a reformation in great numbers, and a just and proper pride would gradually grow up where before there was only a patibulary acquiescence that marked a dangerous crater.

As for the hand-made fabric, there can never be a glut in the market. It would have to sell higher than the machine-made article, and therefore the Trades Unions would be appeased. Competition would be overcome by making things better, not cheaper. If the thing is unique and beautiful, no stigma of "prison-made" would be attached. Prison-made now stands for sweat-shop and shoddy, and these things we do not want. Time is the one thing that the prisoner is long on. Why this hot haste to get the thing done by Saturday night? Let the man be taught to do his task well. Not how cheap, but how good, should be the motto.

But the best of all, handwork in prison, instead of machine methods, would give us back men for criminals. The reason there is no place now for the man who has "done time," is because we believe he is incompetent. He cannot do anything. He is helpless as a crawfish that has just sloughed its shell. We have all the incompetence that we can manage, and so we turn the jailbird away with a let-

ter of recommendation or a certificate of character, and we ease conscience by rubbing into him a little trite advice about bracing-up and living an honest life. Booker Washington has well said, "The color line disappears when the negro has something which other folks want." It is the same with the ex-prisoner; if the man can do something really worth while, all prejudices are waived. Very, very few skilled artisans are ever sent to prison; and when in prison a man does acquire a skill in a useful line, it is always by accident, and in spite of the keepers.

I know of one case at Auburn where a prisoner begged the privilege of making a chair of his own design—simply the craving for self-expression. Permission was granted, and the man produced a very creditable piece of work. In fact, the skill he possessed was a surprise both to himself and those in authority. Other prisoners saw what this man had done and prayed for a like privilege. This was denied, because there was no precedent or authority for such work. But the powers wanted the things that

this skillful man could make, and so he was given a separate room where, without guard or restraint, he follows his inclinations and works up his ideas into beautiful and useful things. Knowledge of the health, mental growth and skill that have come to this prisoner, accidentally caught the attention of a manufacturer. He wanted just such a man; and this manufacturer is now putting forth an effort to secure a pardon for this man. And although the prisoner is under life sentence for murder, there is no doubt that the pardon will be secured; for the primal reason for keeping a man locked up is because he is not wanted outside. Convince a Board of Pardons that the man can and will do a valuable service for society and prison doors fly open.

Idleness is the only sin. A blacksmith singing at his forge, sparks a-flying, anvil ringing, the man materializing an idea—what is finer? I saw such a sight the other evening through a window. It gave me a thrill, and I said to myself, "The only saint is the man who has found his work!"

Muriel's Tryst

By Frances Porcher

FOR nearly three weeks the thing had kept up—it was becoming an obsession. It was uncanny and Peter Ibbetson-ish and beginning to be something altogether terrible—this same dream repeated night after night.

And then it had its other phase, for he was getting to feel like a conscience-hunted creature, and unable to look into the trustful eyes of his wife without an effort. To go through a scene, night after night like that with another woman, even a dream-woman, was not conducive to domestic serenity. He had gotten to the place where he could not bear it any longer.

Physically, he was never better in his life, so he could not charge the phenomenon up to his stomach or his liver. It was a purely physical condition, but why, in Heaven's name, after all these years! He had not married until he had felt, that, while there were no more possibilities for a grand passion within his scope, he could still give a woman a very honest, loyal and devoted affection. That was all his wife demanded and they had been very comfortable together, with fewer jarring notes in the married harmony of their lives than occur in the majority of cases.

True, one day in each year he had kept tryst with the past, the anniversary of the day when he and Muriel had awakened from a dream of friendship and quasi-cousinship to the reality of a hopeless, absorbing passion and she, the wife of another man, and that other man his friend. But he had not lingered to dally with the sweetness of forbidden love, until the sweetness had cloyed into sin. They had both faced the issue and knew that only one thing was left to do—to part, and that forever. So he had gone, after one last look into her dear eyes and one kiss upon her trembling, clinging lips, and two days later he was on the ocean fleeing as a brave man often has to flee from the Self that after all he carries along with him. "This is forever, Muriel," he had said as he held her in that one first and last embrace, "forever and ever, dear." "No, no, Jack," she had moaned, "not forever, if I have to come back from heaven to see you again." And then he had kissed her and fled.

That was twelve years ago, and they had never met since, but upon the anniversary of the day she had never failed to give him some token of her existence. It might be only a newspaper or a photo of some impersonal object, but on that day each year had come the visible signal of an invisible tryst, and on that one day he had always managed to get away somewhere that he might, if only for an hour, turn back the pages of his life and let memory read the record.

And it had been such an unnecessary tragedy, too—that was the galling part. Step-daughter of his uncle, who was also his guardian, they had grown up together, friends and chums, but never lovers; then he had gone abroad to finish his education and before he returned she had married his college mate and *fidus Achates*. Not an uncommon story at all, but nothing was ever so totally unnecessary, it seemed, for any such complication to occur. After living under the same roof for years blind to each other, why was it needful for Fate to open their eyes at all? Sometimes he felt that if he had never gone abroad it would have been different, for day by day he would have watched Muriel grow into her perfect womanhood and it would not have seemed anything marvelous at all. His little "cousin" would just have "grown up" like any other girl, and he, perhaps, would have fallen in love with some girl friend of hers and life would have gone on in the good old way until they two were gathered to their fathers after they had played out their quiet, respectable everyday parts.

But after three years he had come home and Muriel fairly took his breath. He did not know girls could change so. He had left a pretty, winsome lassie and he came back to find a goddess. He had left a chum that sewed on his buttons and that he in turn criticised and petted and teased and he returned to find a perfect being who might have played basketball with his very soul if she had liked.

Innocently they had walked into the tragedy of their lives, bitterly had they regretted it and faithfully had they tried to make amends for a thing of which no one knew but themselves. Time had brought heal-

and contentment and even on that one day, he had not allowed himself too many minutes of retrospection: therefore, it seemed inexplicable why, night after night for nearly three weeks, he had lived over again that last meeting with Muriel. Every fold of her gown he saw, every trick of her manner he was conscious of, he could have sworn that he smelled the odor of the violets on her breast, and he awoke every morning with the pressure of her farewell kiss upon his lips.

It was getting to be a strain that no man could stand. He felt like a perjurer and a trifier when his wife held up her face for the regulation good-bye morning kiss and he caught himself devising schemes by means of which he could omit it and get away without hurting her feelings.

Then tension was beginning to tell upon him. There was only one thing to do; he must get away for a few days, and change the entire current of his daily life. In a couple of days his anniversary tryst must be kept—he would keep it in a new place, amid strange surroundings, and perhaps he could shake off this dream obsession. "I'll take a run down to the World's Fair," he resolved, and at once he began to feel better, so relaxing it is or so stimulating, either way one chooses to take it, to make up one's mind to some settled course of action.

Everything worked in accord with him; at the office, business was where he could leave it in the hands of others; his wife was more than willing to hasten his departure, for he had seemed pale and out of sorts and she was sure a change would do him good; and so in twenty-four hours he was in St. Louis.

It was an ideal day, this twelfth anniversary tryst day, and as he walked into the main entrance of the great Fair and saw only strange faces around him and the peace of blue sky and soft air about him, a feeling of quietude entered his soul and he felt all tension of mind and heart slip from him as though it had never been. He walked through one or two of the great buildings and then stopped at an exhibit of Italian marbles. Near by an Italian performer was playing the "Intermezzo" from "Cavalleria Rusticana" and a violinist of merit was accompany him. People were grouped about the different pieces of statuary, the shifting crowd was moving on and the magnetic sentience of life that pervades a multitude was over every thing, and yet, he had never felt so entirely alone, so detached in mind, body and soul as he did now. He was studying the pose of a beautiful bust of "Faith" and he was sure that no one was very near, and yet he was not even startled when a voice, a voice that belonged twelve years away in the past, said softly, "Jack," and he turned to find Muriel at his very elbow. He quickly held out his hands, but she slipped hers behind her and laughed in the teasing way she had as a girl. "You, Muriel," he exclaimed, and then, as he glanced around, "You—and alone!"

"Yes, I—and alone. But don't ask a lot of tiresome questions, Jack. We have to-day; let's make the most of it. Listen to that "Intermezzo"—just don't you love Mascagni!"

He fell into her mood and they wandered about like two happy children. If he had any curiosity about her presence without her husband, there was an intangible something in her very atmosphere that precluded questions. She had changed but little in looks; a little thinner and fairer she seemed, but that was all; and the very intangible something that withheld his questions also prevented his getting into a vein of personalities. Once he asked if she remembered what day it was and if it were not a queer co-

incidence for them to meet upon this one day out of all the year, and she looked so grieved as she answered: "Then don't let us let anything come into it we should ever regret, Jack," that he felt like strangling himself for the reference.

After that he turned no more memory pages and he asked no questions relevant or irrelevant, but they went from place to place as fancy dictated, pausing beside the lagoons while the Berlin band played a number or so, resting among the flowers in the sunken garden, watching a drill of Filipinos until they tired and then climbing the heights to the Art Palace, by way, she said, of elevating themselves. Here they only remained a short time, after all, walking casually through the German section until she stopped before a picture by Pietschmann in tones of blue—"Joseph and Mary." "See," she said gently, "it was only a little while before the Christ was born; look at the wonder and mystery and sweet joy in her face. He is holding her hand, Jack, as if he wants to strengthen and protect her, and he looks most of all as if he had such perfect faith in her—it must be a sublime thing to be any kind of a mother, Jack," she added a little wistfully. Then she turned and went out into the main building, but when they entered one of the first rooms whose opposite wall was dominated by Mosler's *De Profundis*, she shivered and turned away. "It is the dignity of death, Jack," she whispered, "but I do not like it—to-day."

And so they went out among the flowers and down to the water's edge and spent an hour in a gondola playing that they were in Venice and that the dome of Festival Hall was the dome of "della Salute" and that somewhere behind them, just out of sight, was dear old San Giorgio and that bye and bye they would go up to the Lido and gather shells. "And get something to eat," said Jack.

"You poor fellow," she laughed, "I would not go with you to dine, so you've starved all day. It is time we were going, sure enough, for the sun is almost down."

"Don't go yet, Muriel," he pleaded, "they say it is superb when they light up; let's stay until nine at least, and I will see you to your hotel. In the meantime, we can get supper anywhere you like."

"No, Jack, I am not hungry. I don't feel as if I'd ever be hungry any more, and I must go—my day is about done."

He had let her take the initiative all day and so he stifled a sigh and motioned the gondolier to the landing. It had seemed so good to be with her that he could not bear to thwart her will in any degree. He felt like pinching himself to see if this were not a continuation of the dream he had dreamed over and over for weeks—it was too very, very good to be real, but just then the gondola gave a very materialistic lurch and bump against the landing and he aroused himself as Muriel laughed and sprang ashore.

All the way to the exit she chatted and chattered in a feverish, excited sort of way as if to ward off any serious or personal conversation and suddenly when they were in the midst of the crowds thronging to the turnstiles she exclaimed: "My purse, Jack, I dropped it, I'm sure," and he turned to look for it, but when he turned again he had lost her in the crush of humanity.

At first he searched for her as well as he might in the ever augmenting jam of people, and then he smiled to himself. "Poor little girl," he thought, "she was afraid I'd find out where she is stopping—well, I'll let her have her secret; if life never gives us anything else, we've had one day at any rate." And then he

went to his own hotel and went to bed and slept a deep, restful, dreamless sleep all the night through.

The Fair without Muriel next day was stale, flat and unprofitable. He found himself vibrating between the bust of "Faith," in the Italian marbles, and "Mary and Joseph," in the Art Gallery, until he used a lot of will power and pulled himself up, as it were, with a short jerk and got out of the environment of the lagoons. After that he was master of himself and returned to his normal condition unhaunted by dreams at night or unavailing regrets by day, and after five or six days he was not only willing, but anxious to be at home and to take up his old routine of duties.

It bothered him a little for awhile when he questioned himself as to that day with Muriel, whether it was quite honest not to mention her presence at the Fair to his wife, then he concluded that he was splitting hairs with a vengeance, having never told her anything else in relation to Muriel outside of what all the world might know. It had been an innocent enough day, Heaven knew, and besides, if there was any secret about it, it was Muriel's secret, not his, and he would keep it for Muriel—*voilà tout!*

* * * * *

"There is a lot of mail for you in the library, Jack: go and read it while I dress for dinner," said his wife soon after he had reached home and bathed and rested. So, in a few moments he sat before a goodly pile of documents, which he scattered over the table. He picked out at random a rather bulky letter, surprised to see that it bore the postmark of Muriel's home, and was addressed by a woman's hand. He read:

My Dear Sir—Since the death of his wife a week ago, Mr. Graham has been quite ill and is yet too unnerved to write, so he has asked me to write for him. You will remember me as Janie Clements, Muriel's intimate friend, and forgive me if I do not write in detail about our sorrow, for her death was such a blow that I do not feel equal yet to living over the past month.

About four weeks ago Muriel became ill with brain fever and from then until she died, knew no one. She had been planning to visit the World's Fair with her husband and a party of friends and she talked constantly upon that one theme until she sank into an unconscious state, from which she never rallied.

Knowing that you and Muriel were reared as brother and sister, Mr. Graham feels that a great oversight was committed when you were not wired to at once, and he begs your forgiveness. He, himself, collapsed utterly at the end and no one else seemed capable of remembering many things that should have been attended to. She died on the morning of the 17th. I mail papers of the 18th.

Yours sincerely,

JANIE CLEMENTS.

He laid down the letter, groping for the table like a man in the dark. "The 17th"—that was the first day he went to the Fair, and Muriel was with him all day. "The 17th"—was the woman crazy! It was a lie—he saw Muriel himself on the seventeenth; he touched—no, he did not touch her, she eluded every motion of his hands toward her, but—it was Muriel, that he could swear to.

What if this letter were true? Could he be crazy himself; could he only have dreamed of that day? If so, where was he when he dreamed it? His brain grew weary; he could not think it out. And then, as he ceased to puzzle over the matter, he seemed to hear Muriel's voice as he heard it twelve years before: "No, no, Jack, not forever, if I have to come back from Heaven to see you again." And a great peace settled upon him. He could not explain; he would not try to; he was glad, glad of it all. He would keep the secret of the dead, as she had kept tryst with the living. It was their secret for all eternity.

The Freshness of the Heart

By P. F. Cook

THERE is a story told of an English economist who said that whenever he felt down-hearted nothing made him feel better than to go down to the bank and dabble his fingers in a heap of sovereigns.

My cure for that ailment is of an entirely different character. When all the world seems to have gone awry, when the law's delay, the oppressor's wrong and the proud man's contumely have done their worst to make one's life intolerable, what a delight it is to meet and converse with a man who still retains his freshness of heart—some man who is not encrusted all over with superficiality—some man who believes that business is not all of life, and while pursuing his onward journey can laugh by the way. For who laughs now? Few, indeed, have the courage to be merry, since our end-of-the-century teachers have begun to see evil in all things and look at life so seriously that good humor is considered little less harmful than one of the seven deadly sins. Joyousness is delightfully uncommon. Nearly every one is enslaved by fear. Fret and fear are the twin devils of modern life. And all of this is the direct result of attaching too much importance to the goods of this world, the decrees of fashion, and the overpowering desire to be better off than anyone else. The parable of the lilies of the field never needed to be studied more carefully than at the present time: "See the lilies of the field; they toil not, neither do they spin, yet not even Solomon in all his glory was arrayed like one of these." We love to meet a care-free individual, who lets the dull world go its way, and who lives in such a manner as to develop all his faculties harmoniously. I hate a factory bell—excuse me, gentle reader—for the average factory is a place for the repression of every noble instinct of humanity.

The sunshine of the heart, which is the character-

istic of the free man, whose life is illuminated by the golden light of the Gospel—that spirit of sweet indifference which enables one to smile at the world and its ways, its foolish greed, its love of praise, its struggle for the fleeting breath of fame—a fancied life in others' breath—it is this, I repeat, which Americans need—this sunshine of the heart—more than anything else to-day. All really well-educated men and women know how vulgar is the desire for place and power, for wealth and fame; they know, and have learned it to their everlasting gain—how little of these things a truly wise man needs; their souls have outgrown such paltry things, and their faces in a crowd may be singled out for their sweet serenity and undisturbed repose. Such men love the sea and the sky, the green fields, the faces of their fellows in the street, a cheerful fire, a merry song, a faithful dog, the kettle's song of home—the old books and places which time and humanity have enshrined in their memory forevermore. They belong to the Order of the Sons of Joy and know no kinship with the Brotherhood of Parasites.

They know the lesson which the Bishop of Peoria would have us learn—that to be is better than to have; that to live for common ends is to be common; that we are in very truth that which we love. They live by admiration, hope and love, believing with Wordsworth that "The noblest mind the best contentment has."

To such men it is useless to hold up the gilded baubles of wealth and fame, of place and power and influence—they know too well that they will soon be "a tale and ashes like the rest," and are well content to take what comes to them of these things without worrying or fretting or fuming to secure them. Therefore, they can smile at the summer sun, enjoy the loaf and the cup and the winter fire, go laughingly to their daily tasks, their duty to do with all their might, and sleep the sleep of peace each night.

obey the precepts of Him who ignited it, has handed her enemies to the arm of the civil law that they might "receive the last offices of mercy" at the stake or at the hands of the torturer. All this while, how many of her children, how many even of her instruments, have perceived the gleaming and burning of the light, and have perceived little else? To them the symbol of mother and child has been no idol, as hasty reformers have imagined it, but the picture of purity and love of all that is best and kindest in the mixed heart of man. To such the crucifix was no mere effigy of wood or stone, but the expression and reminder of the love of a God who, while He had never explained, had, as they thought, willingly shared the suffering life of His people. These men received forgiveness, through whatever channel, and proclaimed it, none the worse for a vainly imagined share in the work of the spirit. The ceremonies by which the Church encircled their lives were to them no disciplinary forms, but the sheltering walls of a fold which shielded them from the cold blasts of uncertainty and the outer darkness of a faithless confusion. At the worst of times the Christianity of Christ was not without many witnesses, and at the moment of greatest corruption some one has always arisen to cleanse the Temple. The advent of St. Francis is like a scene in the Gospel. The Disciples disputed among themselves who should be greatest in the Kingdom of Heaven. Christendom—Christendom in germ—talked of ambition. Christ "called a little child unto Him and set him in the midst of them." The Church, grown powerful and mercenary, minded earthly things. St. Francis, with his songs and his animals, his childlike charm and childlike imagination, his childlike courage and innocence, won Churchmen away from their sordid cares. Later on, Luther, a strong man, full of faults, yet baptized not only with the sacred water from ecclesiastical fonts but "with the Holy Ghost and with fire," defended the Christian faith against the combined armies of superstition and scepticism. Clough's lines, barbed with satire and irony, go home to the heart of history:—

"Luther, they say, was unwise; like a half-taught German, he could not

See that old follies were passing most tranquilly out of remembrance;

Leo the Tenth was employing all efforts to clear out abuses;

Jupiter, Juno, and Venus, Fine Arts, and Fine Letters, the Poets,

Scholars, and Sculptors, and Painters, were quietly clearing away the

Martyrs and Virgins and Saints, or at any rate Thomas Aquinas;

He must forsooth make a fuss and distend his huge Wittenberg lungs, and

Bring back Theology once yet again in a flood upon Europe;

Lo you, for forty days from the windows of heaven it fell; the

Waters prevail on the earth yet more for a hundred and fifty;

Are they abating at last? the doves that are sent to explore are

Warily fain to return, at the best with a leaflet of promise,

Fain to return as they went, to the wandering wave-tost vessel,

Fain to re-enter the roof which covers the clean and the unclean;

Luther, they say, was unwise, he didn't see how things were going."

The Vital Spark of Christianity

By St. Loe Strachey

WHERE lies the vital spark in Christianity? In dogma or in ethics, in worship or in charity? It is impossible to say, just as it is impossible to tell the precise position of the soul in the human body, or the place of God in the order of Nature. All the Christian systems produce saints, and all show a capacity of revival. Christianity may be apparently extinguished under a weight of extraneous formulæ and ceremonies, or lost in nebulous clouds of mysticism. Christendom may appear to forget morality in favor of religious conviction. Again, religious conviction may be accounted of no importance as against righteousness and alms-deeds. Yet Christianity does not die. The cold aspersions of science may seem at times in a fair way to quench the spark; the still more redoubtable acids of secularism may appear to have turned it to cold ash; yet it revives and shines. Again and again the people that sat in darkness have seen a great light. All the while, even when the spark burns lowest, characters are produced of a kind which Christianity alone creates. Differences of doctrine are innumerable. There is not a dogma of the Christian creed which has not

been canvassed, hardly one which has not been separately denied, by men who have lived in accordance with the Christian ideal and died in the Christian hope. There is not a Commandment which has not been violated by crowds who have been kept from mere animalism by veneration for the Christian symbols and the emotions of Christian penitence.

There have been times of great worldly success when the Church, mad with power, has effectually shaded the Light of the World; when she has used her knowledge of things human and divine to help her to gratify her insatiable ambition; when she has hindered those who would enter the Palace of Wisdom, and offered them a symbol or a picture to turn their thoughts; when, playing on the pangs of a divinely inspired penitence, she has compelled men's conscience that she might curtail their liberty, and, declaring her own monopoly of the free gift of absolution, has dealt out the mercy of Christ to those only who would submit to her catechisms. Her ambition has not stopped short of craft. She has deluged with heretical blood the miraculous spark which cannot be extinguished, and fearing openly to dis-

The revival reformed the Roman, while it created the Protestant branch of the Christian Church, for reformation filters through creed to character, often leaving the former not essentially changed.

The weapons of freedom were, however, turned before long to the defence of bondage. A Roman Cardinal charged Protestantism, not wholly without excuse, with a new form of idolatry,—“the slavish worship of a book.” Luther criticised the Scriptures pretty freely, and made his own modification of the Canon; but later Protestantism has more than once obscured the Christian light by setting the law of Moses upon a level with the commands of Christ. Puritanism, for all its splendid history, has some dark hours to deplore wherein Jehovah was adored rather than “the God and Father of Our Lord Jesus Christ.” Once more the shades are removed, not this time by a saint or a prophet, but by an army of intellectual workmen—the Biblical scholars of the last century—who have again accentuated the varying values of the revelation through literature, and again taken the light from under the bushel, and set it, amid the shrieks of “the fearful and unbelievers,” where it may give light to the world, since when it has illuminated many dark places, full of the habitations of cruelty.

The danger of all liberty is that it should become license. Freed from the bonds of the letter and the terrors of the priesthood, certain Christians are in danger of smothering the vital spark under masses of copybook maxims, so convinced are they that there is but one panacea for all the evils into which the flesh and the Devil may lead mankind, and that is didactic precept. Christianity as preached by certain Rationalists looks as if it might go the way of the Stoic philosophy. For our own part, we do not believe that even in this form it will. The ethical teaching of Christ and the ethical teaching of Marcus Aurelius show a marked resemblance as to feature. The difference between them is this: the one is dead and the other living. In the words of the Emperor there is no moral motive force. We should say that since they were spoken no sinner was ever converted from the error of his ways by reading or hearing them, though good men may have been further perfected. On the other hand, the ethics of Christ are “quick and powerful,” and shining through even the dullest medium of didacticism, they reveal the meaning of remorse, and show us something of value in human nature which by the light of justice must be forever overlooked.

Befogged in the mazes of introspection, the Christian light has had at times but a small orbit of radiation. Yet among the most esoteric circles of Christian mysticism there have never wanted some who groped after good deeds and found light enough at last to lead them out of themselves. A part, perhaps a great part, of all that the Churches have taught seems in the light of modern criticism to be the commandment of men, the intellectual development of their theories, the metaphorical utterances of their hopes and fears. All the same, there is, we believe, among every sincere community of Christians, however in their mistaken ardor they may condemn each other, something else. To divide between direct inspiration and its human, and consequently more or less limited and erroneous, expression is impossible. “We have this treasure in earthen vessels.”—

“Draw, if thou canst, the mystic line

Severing rightly His from thine,—

Which is human? which Divine?”

And so it happens that, in the last resort, a Christian might reply as follows to a non-Christian philos-

opher who asked for some proof of the truth of Christianity which should not assume what it set out to prove, but which should meet the disputant or inquirer on his own ground. “Christianity,” the Christian might say, “differs from other religions in that it bears within it the capacity for infinite revival. History shows that it is as much subject as other religions to corruption and decay, degradation and semi-petrification. But it also shows that it possesses what they do not, the power of rebirth. They suffer a decay which, if slow, and even intermittent, is pro-

gressive. With Christianity, if the growth of decay is more rapid, that decay always ends in a spiritual resurrection. The ossification of the Anglican Church in the eighteenth century seems, for example, about to become complete, when, behold! the true light of the Gospel is beginning to burn in John Wesley’s rooms at Oxford. With Christianity it is always sunrise somewhere in the world. This is the sign. It is in the capacity of rebirth that the claims of the Christian faith, though of no one special form of that faith, are justified.”

Mrs. Titlow’s Visitor

By Thomas L. McCready

This story originally written for Henry George’s Standard, appeared in that paper February 23, 1889. It is now reproduced, by request.

DEAR MRS. TITLOW,” said the archdeacon, blandly, “you must not be discouraged. Such experiences come every day to those who work among the poor. They are providentially intended for our guidance, and not for our discouragement.”

And the archdeacon sipped his tea. It was five o’clock in the afternoon, the tea drinkers’ sacred hour, and Mrs. Titlow’s tea was excellent.

“But doctor,” said the lady, half querulously, “it does seem so impossible to do anything for the poor creatures. It’s so hard to do anything with them. Don’t you know, when I go on one of my visiting rounds I feel just as though I were looking at something through a plate-glass window. I can see everything plainly enough, but when I reach out my hand to touch anything I find I can’t get at it.”

The archdeacon smiled benevolently. “You will get over that feeling after awhile,” he said. “It probably comes from self-consciousness on your part. Keep on saying to yourself: ‘These people are my friends,’ and after a time you’ll feel that they really are your friends. Then everything will be easy for you.”

“Yes, but they’re not my friends. I don’t know why. I’m sure I feel interested enough in them, and friendly enough toward them. But when I give them good advice I can see that they haven’t the slightest idea of following it. And I know they often tell me lies in answer to my questions. Now you know, doctor, that’s not being friendly.”

The archdeacon smiled again and finished his cup of tea before he spoke. “We must recognize the situation,” he said, “and not expect too much. The poor are often very hard to deal with. They are prone to rebel against the decrees of providence. They are not always as contented as they should be in the station to which it has pleased God to call them. They are often ignorant and thriftless. And as a rule they are sadly lacking in truthfulness. But all this, dear Mrs. Titlow, only makes it the more necessary that we should labor earnestly among them. In this scheme of God’s wise providence we have been set apart to be the stewards of his bounty. He might have so arranged the world that there should be no poor. But He knew better. ‘The poor,’ He tells us, ‘ye have always with you.’ They stimulate our benevolence. They keep our sympathies alive. And we, in turn, if we do our duty by them, will develop in them the virtues of thrift and temperance, and teach them to look with gratitude, not to us, but to the Father who loves all His children equally, and has appointed the wiser and better educated to dispense His bounty among the

simple and untaught. Think how objectless your life would be if there were no poor for whose improvement you could labor. Think how wretched the lives of the poor would be if there were no people like you to visit and assist them. Keep up your district visiting, then, and let your poorer brothers and sisters see that, while you are not blind to their faults, you love them still, and want to be their friend.”

The archdeacon put down his cup and rose to go. Mrs. Titlow was conscious of a sense of moral exaltation, as though she had just been to church.

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“If you please, ma’am,” said the housemaid, “there’s a woman in the hall that wants to speak to you.”

“A woman, Mary?” said Mrs. Titlow. “What woman? Didn’t she give any name?”

“No, ma’am. I asked her what her name was, and what she wanted to see you for; and she said you wouldn’t know her name, but she knew you’d be glad to see her. I’d ha’ sent her off, but I thought she might be one of them charity society women, and you might want to see her after all.”

“Good gracious! Mary, you mustn’t leave strange women sitting in the hall like that. Why, she may be robbing the drawing room at this moment! Run downstairs and say I’ll be there in a minute, and don’t leave her alone until I come.”

When Mrs. Titlow descended she found the visitor seated on one of the straight-backed comfortless chairs that flanked the hatrack, while Mary, the housemaid, lingered near, making a pretense of doing something with a duster. Mrs. Titlow gave a gasp of relief. Not a thief, after all. Probably some poor person come a-begging. That was the worst of this charitable work—that it led to unauthorized intrusions of this kind. Mrs. Titlow mentally decided to refer the woman to the office of the Good Samaritan society, where the secretary could investigate her case. It would never do to encourage visits from people of that kind.

As Mrs. Titlow drew near, the visitor rose and extended her hand. Mrs. Titlow involuntarily put out her own. The stranger grasped it, and held it with a gentle pressure. “You are the lady of the house,” she said.

“I am Mrs. Titlow.” She made a slight effort to withdraw her hand, but without avail.

“Dear Mrs. Titlow, I am delighted to know you,” said the other, sweetly. “I am making my first round of visits this morning, and I am so glad to have commenced with you. But come,” this strange woman went on, with a final pressure of the lady’s unresponsive hand, “we must not stand here like two strangers. Take me into the parlor, where we can sit down together, as dear friends ought to do.”

Take her into the parlor, indeed! What could the

woman mean! Mrs. Titlow could do nothing but stare at her. The stranger walked deliberately into the drawing room, and seated herself in the most comfortable easy chair. Mrs. Titlow followed in bewilderment, and remained standing.

"What a delightful chair," said the visitor. "So restful to the back. I could almost go to sleep in it. Ah! my dear, you rich people have a great deal to be thankful for, after all. Of course, it's sad that you should be so helpless, and need so many people to work for you and wait on you. But you must fight against that sort of degradation, and think, meantime, how good God is to provide you with all these pleasant things. How much more of a burden your helplessness would be to you if you had no nice, spacious house and no comfortable furniture in it. Have you ever thought of that, my dear, in your moments of discontent?"

Mrs. Titlow drew herself up. She was half afraid of this extraordinary female, but she felt it would never do to show her trepidation. "Did you want to see me about anything special?" she said. "If it's any charity business you can leave me your address and I will see that a visitor calls on you. Or, perhaps, you had better go direct to the Good Samaritan office and see the secretary." Mrs. Titlow made this last suggestion with a faint hope that the stranger might take the hint and go at once. But the hope was disappointed. The stranger only settled herself more comfortably in the easy chair and answered:

"See you about anything special? Why, of course, it's something special, or I wouldn't intrude on you in this unceremonious fashion. And it is charity business, too, however you happen to guess it. You must know, I am a member of the Needle's Eye Society."

Mrs. Titlow felt more comfortable. Some sewing women's organization, no doubt, that had sent this queer delegate to solicit her patronage. "Yes," she said, encouragingly, "and what sort of work is it you want to do?"

"Oh!" said the stranger, "I'm coming to that in a minute. But do sit down, won't you? Now I insist upon it"—as Mrs. Titlow remained standing—"you must sit down. I want to feel that I am your friend; and how can I think you feel that, or talk to you as a friend should talk, if you persist in standing while I'm sitting in this comfortable chair. Now sit right down, or I won't say another word."

Mrs. Titlow sat down. As she did so, her suppressed indignation at the stranger's impertinence hardened into a resolution that the Needle's Eye Society should get mighty little sewing from her. Then the visitor went on:

"There! Now we can have a comfortable talk together. Do you know?"—with a little laugh—"it just occurs to me that I haven't introduced myself. That was stupid of me, wasn't it? How could I expect you to look on me as a friend when you didn't even know my name? I am Mrs. Jones—Sophronia Jones. I hope you will learn to call me Sophy. And what shall I learn to call you?"

"I don't think we need go into that, Mrs. Jones," said Mrs. Titlow, with mild haughtiness. "If you will be kind enough to state your business in as few words as possible I will be obliged."

"Dear, dear!" said Mrs. Jones, "how unsympathetic you rich folks are. I suppose it's one of the evils of your lot in life. If you only knew how much good it would do you to look on me as your friend, and to call me Sophy. But you'll do it by and by. God meant the rich and poor to be brothers and sisters, you know."

Mrs. Titlow felt a chill run down her backbone. This was the sort of thing she had brought upon herself by engaging in charitable work. She felt as though she would never want to go district visiting again.

"You see, dear," Mrs. Jones went on, "you must not think the poor are altogether selfish and heartless. Many of them are so, I know, but not all. Some of us have a keen sympathy for the rich, and long to do them good. It is dreadful, I know, to have all your pleasure in this world, and nothing to look forward to but hell fire in the next. It makes my heart—"

"Good God, woman!" cried Mrs. Titlow, fairly shocked into profanity, "whatever do you mean?"

"Is it possible," said Mrs. Jones, "that you haven't read the Bible? Don't you know that it is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of God? You know Christ said that—the same Christ that promised you should always have the poor with you. But, my dear, we must not take the text too literally. It cannot mean that all the rich people will go to hell, but only that most of them must go there. There must be room for some of them in heaven. Oh, dear, dear Mrs. Titlow, how happy shall I be if I can bring you comfort, and make the future less terrible to you. Let me be your friend. I want to be your sister. Now, can't you call me Sophy?"

And really, for a moment, Mrs. Titlow almost felt as if she could call her Sophy, and find relief in doing it. For the woman's strength of earnestness carried conviction with it. She so evidently believed what she said, she was so full of tender sympathy and pity, that the rich woman's heart went out toward her for a space as to a refuge from an impending awful doom. Then Mrs. Titlow remembered the archdeacon, and her soul regained its balance. If the text about the needle's eye were to be strictly interpreted, surely the archdeacon would have told her about it before this. So she said nothing, though she looked at Mrs. Jones with a plainly startled glance.

"Ah, well," said Mrs. Jones, "we'll be friends some day. And now I must tell you about our society. Its objects are to induce the poor to cast the mantle of their charity over the rich, and to teach the rich that the poor want to be their friends and to divide their inheritance of eternal glory with them. We poor

folks don't want to keep the promise of heaven all to ourselves. We feel as if we were, after a fashion, only stewards of God's bounty, because we want to widen the needle's eye to make it possible for the camel to pass through, and for the rich man to enter the kingdom. And we have arranged to visit among the rich, each one of us in a certain district—to listen to their stories, to investigate the manner of their lives, to find out those among them who are deserving of charity, and to show them that we are indeed their brothers and sisters, more lucky than they are, to be sure, but just the same flesh and blood. And now that you know just what brings me here, try and confide in me. Tell me all about yourself and your family. What is your husband's business? Is he honest in it? Does he treat you kindly? What are your own besetting faults? You see, I'm ready to hear your whole story."

"Archdeacon Ramsay-Brown!" announced Mary, throwing wide the drawing room door. Mrs. Titlow gave a great gasp of thankfulness. To her surprise Mrs. Jones rose up and greeted the newcomer with effusion. "My dear archdeacon," she said, "I've been studying the texts, and I understand them all. It's just as you said—the rich and poor are brothers and sisters, and meant to be each other's dearest friends. Look at me and Mrs. Titlow. We love each other dearly. And we've organized our society—"

"Yes, yes, I know," said the archdeacon. Then, with a movement of apology to Mrs. Titlow, he led the representative of the Needle's Eye Society apart and spoke to her earnestly for a few minutes. "You really think so, doctor?" said Mrs. Jones, aloud, at last.

"I really do. You know you must not force your friendship upon your richer sisters. They might think you were inclined to patronize them."

"All right," said Mrs. Jones. "Then I'll say goodbye to Mrs. Titlow for the present. But remember, dear, that I want to be your friend, and if you find yourself in need of charity don't hesitate to send for me."

The archdeacon showed the visitor to the door and returned. "A sad case," he said in pitying tone; "a truly sad case. Of course you saw that she was crazy. I'll have her sent to the asylum on Blackwell's island to-morrow."

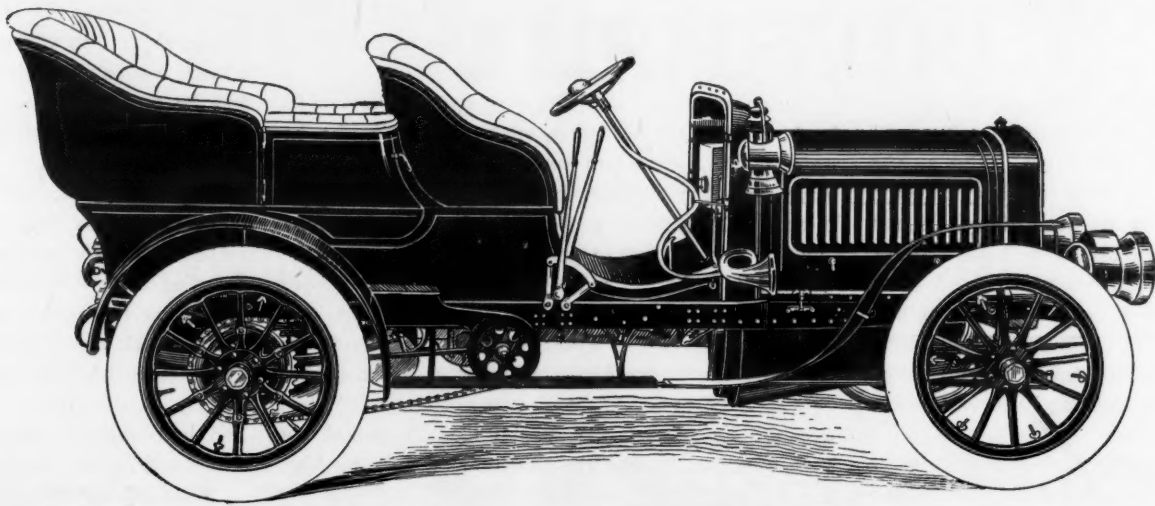
Saint Guido

By Richard Jefferies

ST. GUIDO ran out at the garden gate into a sandy lane, and down the lane till he came to a grassy bank. He caught hold of the bunches of grass and so pulled himself up. There was a footpath on the top which went straight in between fir-trees, and as he ran along they stood on each side of him like green walls. They were very near together, and even at the top the space between them was so narrow that the sky seemed to come down, and the clouds to be sailing but just over them, as if they would catch and tear in the fir-trees. The path was so little used that it had grown green, and as he ran he knocked dead branches out of his way. Just as he was getting tired of running he reached the end of the path, and came out into a wheat-field. The wheat did not grow very closely, and the spaces were filled with azure corn-flowers. St. Guido thought he was safe away now, so he stopped to look.

Those thoughts and feelings which are not sharply defined, but have a haze of distance and beauty about them are always the dearest. His name was not really Guido, but those who loved him had called him so in order to try and express their hearts about him. For they thought if a great painter could be a little boy, then he would be something like this one. They were not very learned in the history of painters; they had heard of Raphael, but Raphael was too elevated, too much of the sky, and of Titian, but Titian was fond of feminine loveliness, and in the end somebody said Guido was a dreamy name, as if it belonged to one who was full of faith. Those golden curls shaking about his head as he ran and filling the air with radiance round his brow, looked like a nimbus or circlet of glory. So they called him St. Guido, and a very, very wild saint he was.

St. Guido stopped in the cornfield, and looked all around. There were the fir-trees behind him—a



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In 1903, others were still selling cars with heavy cumbersome motors placed in the body. We still believed we were right, and advised the Pope-Toledo. We sold a few. The following letter, dated March, 1905, refers to one of them:

Mississippi Valley Automobile Co., 3933 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.:

Dear Sirs:—I believe I was the first purchaser of a Pope-Toledo car in St. Louis. I ordered my car in the early spring of 1903, and it was delivered to me in June of that year, since which time it has been in continual daily service, and I believe the car has covered more miles than any two automobiles in the city. I have made a great many long trips in it, and, in fact, I have driven the car to Chicago and return. I desire to say that the machine has never failed on the road, that it has ample power to take it up all hills on the high gear, and although it is a 1903 make of car, I am able to hold my own on the road with any of them. My car is as good to-day as it was when it left the factory, and, in my opinion, is as handsome a car as is to be seen on the road.

Wishing you continued success with the Pope-Toledo car, I am
Yours truly,

G. LACY CRAWFORD.

P. S. I have had no repair work done on the car except what was attended to by my chauffeur.

In 1904, competitors were still trying to ram cars with motors under the body down customers' throats, so to speak. We sold that year more high-class automobiles than all the other dealers combined. Right here other manufacturers began where Col. A. A. Pope left off.

In 1905, we will repeat 1904, only the line will be more marked, because the public has learned.

What car other than a Pope-Toledo could you have bought in 1903 that would be up-to-date to-day? What car other than a Pope-Toledo can you buy to-day that will be up-to-date three years from now?

The Pope-Toledo in 1903 was three years ahead of the times; it is four years ahead to-day.

Will not the dealer who sold a car in 1903 or 1904 that is to-day obsolete, be just as apt to be saying "shaft drive" now, and then admitting "chain drive" next week? One of them has changed this month. Is your car a Pope-Toledo or an imitation? And did you ever know of a good imitation?

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thick wall of green—hedges on the right and the left, and the wheat sloped down towards an ash-copse in the hollow. No one was in the field, only the fir-trees, the green hedges, the yellow wheat, and the sun overhead. Guido kept quite still, because he expected that in a minute the magic would begin, and something would speak to him. His cheeks which had been flushed with running grew less hot, but I cannot tell you the exact color they were, for his skin was so white and clear, it would not tan under the sun, yet being always out of doors it had taken the faintest tint of golden brown mixed with rosiness. His blue eyes which had been wide open, as they always were when full of mischief, became softer, and his long eyelashes drooped over them. But as the magic did not begin, Guido walked on slowly into the wheat, which rose nearly to his head, though it was not yet so tall as it would be before the reapers came. He did not break any of the stalks, or bend them down and step on them; he passed between them, and they yielded on either side. The wheat-ears were pale gold, having only just left off their green, and they surrounded him on all sides as if he were bathing.

A butterfly painted a velvety red with white spots came floating along the surface of the corn, and played round his cap, which was a little higher, and was so tinted by the sun that the butterfly was inclined to settle on it. Guido put up his hand to catch the butterfly, forgetting his secret in his desire to touch it. The butterfly was too quick—with a snap of his wings disdainfully mocking the idea of catching him, away he went. Guido nearly stepped on a humble-bee—buzz-zz!—the bee was so alarmed he actually crept up Guido's knickers to the knee, and even then knocked himself against a wheat-ear when he started to fly. Guido kept quite still while the humble-bee was on his knee, knowing that he should not be stung if he did not move. He knew, too, that humble-bees have stings though people often say they have not, and the reason people think they do not possess them is because humble-bees are so good-natured and never sting unless they are very much provoked.

Next he picked a corn buttercup; the flowers were much smaller than the great buttercups which grew in the meadows, and these were not golden, but colored like brass. His foot caught in a creeper, and he nearly tumbled—it was a bine of bindweed which went twisting round and round two stalks of wheat in a spiral, binding them together as if some one had wound string about them. There was one ear of wheat which had black specks on it, and another which had so much black that the grains seemed changed and gone, leaving nothing but blackness. He touched it and it stained his hands like a dark powder, and then he saw that it was not perfectly black as charcoal is, it was a little red. Something was burning up the core there just as if fire had been set to the ears. Guido went on and found another place where there was hardly any wheat at all, and those stalks that grew were so short they only came above his knee. The wheat-ears were thin and small, and looked as if there was nothing but chaff. But this place being open was full of flowers, such lovely azure corn-flowers which the people call blue-bottles.

Guido took two; they were curious flowers with knobs surrounded with little blue flowers like a lady's bonnet. They were a beautiful blue, not like any other blue, not like the violets in the garden, or the sky over the trees, or the geranium in the grass, or the bird's-eyes by the path. He loved them and held

them tight in his hand, and went on, leaving the red pimpernel wide open to the dry air behind him, but the May-weed was everywhere. The May-weed had white flowers like a moon-daisy, but not so large, and leaves like moss. He could not walk without stepping on these mossy tufts, though he did not want to hurt them. So he stooped and stroked the moss-like leaves and said, "I do not want to hurt you, but you grow so thick I cannot help it." In a minute afterwards as he was walking he heard a quick rush, and saw the wheat-sears sway this way and that as if a puff of wind had struck them.

Guido stood still and his eyes opened very wide, he had forgotten to cut a stick to fight with: he watched the wheat-ears sway, and could see them move for some distance, and he did not know what it was. Perhaps it was a wild boar or a yellow lion, or some creature no one had ever seen; he would not go back, but he wished he had cut a nice stick. Just then a swallow swooped down and came flying over the wheat so close that Guido almost felt the flutter of his wings, and as he passed he whispered to Guido that it was only a hare. "Then why did he run away?" said Guido; "I should not have hurt him." But the swallow had gone up high into the sky again, and did not hear him. All the time Guido was descending the slope, for little feet always go down the hill as water does, and when he looked back he found that he had left the fir-trees so far behind he was in the middle of the field. If any one had looked they could hardly have seen him, and if he had taken his cap off they could not have done so, because the yellow curls would be so much the same color as the yellow corn. He stopped to see how nicely he could hide himself, then he knelt, and in a minute sat down, so that the wheat rose up high above him.

Another humble-bee went over along the tips of the wheat—burr-rr—as he passed; then a scarlet fly, and next a bright yellow wasp who was telling a friend flying behind him that he knew where there was such a capital piece of wood to bite up into tiny pieces and make into paper for the nest in the thatch, but his friend wanted to go to the house because there was a pear quite ripe there on the wall. Next came a moth, and after the moth a golden fly, and three gnats, and a mouse ran along the dry ground with a curious sniffing rustle close to Guido. A shrill cry came down out of the air, and looking up he saw two swifts turning circles, and as they passed each other they shrieked—their voices were so shrill they shrieked. They were only saying that in a month their little swifts in the slates would be able to fly. While he sat so quiet on the ground and hidden by the wheat, he heard a cuckoo such a long way off it sounded like a watch when it is covered up. "Cuckoo" did not come full and distinct—it was such a tiny little "cuckoo" caught in the hollow of Guido's ear. The cuckoo must have been a mile away.

Suddenly he thought something went over, and yet he did not see it—perhaps it was the shadow—and he looked up and saw a large bird not very far up, not farther than he could fling, or shoot his arrows, and the bird was fluttering his wings, but did not move away farther, as if he had been tied in the air. Guido knew it was a hawk, and the hawk was staying there to see if there was a mouse or a little bird in the wheat. After a minute the hawk stopped fluttering and lifted his wings together as a butterfly does when he shuts his, and down the hawk came, straight into the corn. "Go away!" shouted Guido, jumping up, and flinging his cap, and the hawk, dreadfully frightened and terribly cross, checked himself and rose

again with an angry rush. So the mouse escaped, but Guido could not find his cap for some time. Then he went on, and still the ground sloping sent him down the hill till he came close to the copse.

Some sparrows came out from the copse, and he stopped and saw one of them perch on a stalk of wheat, with one foot above the other sideways, so that he could pick at the ear and get the corn. Guido watched the sparrow clear the ear, then he moved, and the sparrow flew back to the copse, where they chattered at him for disturbing them. There was a ditch between the corn and the copse, and a streamlet; he picked up a stone and threw it in, and the splash frightened a rabbit, who slipped over the bank and into a hole. The boughs of an oak reached out across to the corn, and made so pleasant a shade that Guido, who was very hot from walking in the sun, sat down on the bank of the streamlet with his feet dangling over it, and watched the floating grass sway slowly as the water ran. Gently he leaned back till his back rested on the sloping ground—he raised one knee, and left the other foot over the verge where the tip of the tallest rushes touched it. Before he had been there a minute he remembered the secret which a fern had taught him.

First, if he wanted to know anything, or to hear a story of what the grass was saying, or the oak-leaves singing, he must be careful not to interfere as he had done just now with the butterfly by trying to catch him. Fortunately, that butterfly was a nice butterfly, and very kind-hearted, but sometimes, if you interfered with one thing, it would tell another thing, and they would all know in a moment, and stop talking, and never say a word. Once, while they were all talking pleasantly, Guido caught a fly in his hand, he felt his hand tickle as the fly stepped on it, and he shut up his little fist so quickly he caught the fly in the hollow between the palm and his fingers. The fly went buzz, and rushed to get out, but Guido laughed, so the fly buzzed again, and just told the grass, and the grass told the bushes, and everything knew in a moment, and Guido never heard another word all that day. Yet sometimes now they all knew something about him; they would go on talking. You see, they all rather petted and spoiled him. Next, if Guido did not hear them conversing, the fern said he must touch a little piece of grass and put it against his cheek, or a leaf, and kiss it, and say, "Leaf, leaf, tell them I am here."

Now, while he was lying down, and the tip of the rushes touched his foot, he remembered this, so he moved the rush with his foot and said, "Rush, rush, tell them I am here." Immediately there came a little wind, and the wheat swung to and fro, the oak-leaves rustled, the rushes bowed, and the shadows slipped forward and back again. Then it was still, and the nearest wheat-ear to Guido nodded his head, and said in a very low tone, "Guido, dear, just this minute I do not feel very happy, although the sunshine is so warm, because I have been thinking, for we have been in one or other of these fields of your papa's a thousand years this very year. Every year we have been sown, and weeded, and reaped, and garnered. Every year the sun has ripened us, and the rain made us grow; every year for a thousand years."

"What did you see all that time," said Guido.

"The swallows came," said the Wheat, "and flew over us, and sang a little sweet song, and then they went up into the chimneys and built their nests."

"At my house?" said Guido.

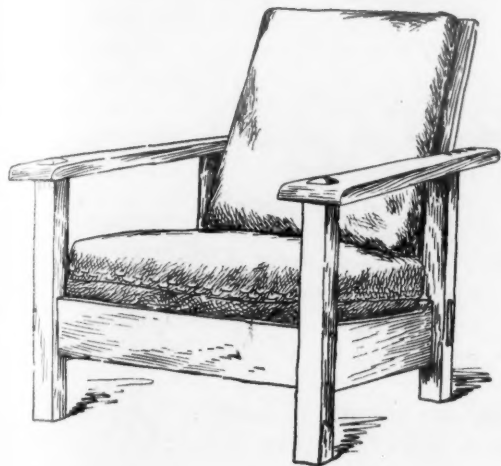
"Oh, no, dear, the house I was then thinking of is gone, like a leaf withered and lost. But we have

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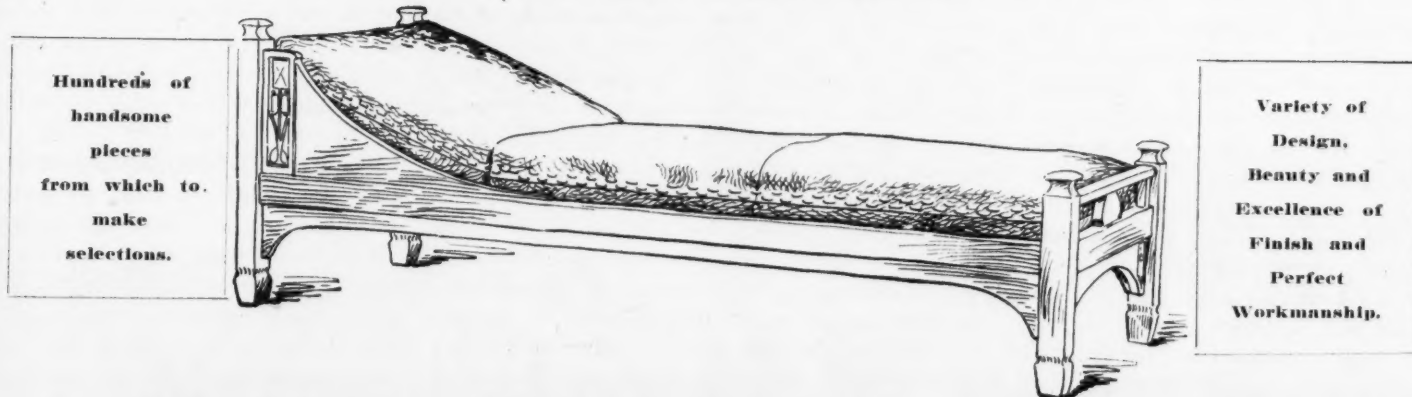
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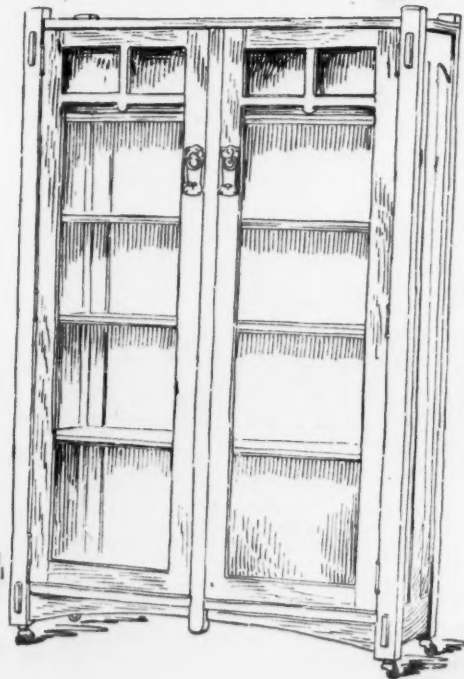
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not forgotten any of the songs they sang us, nor have the swallows that you see to-day—one of them spoke to you just now—forgotten what we said to their ancestors. Then the blackbirds came out in us and ate the creeping creatures, so that they should not hurt us, and went up into the oaks and whistled such beautiful sweet, low whistles. Not in those oaks, dear, where the blackbirds whistle to-day; even the very oaks have gone, though they were so strong that one of them defied the lightning, and lived years and years after it struck him. One of the very oldest of the old oaks in the copse, dear, is his grandchild. If you go into the copse you will find an oak which has only one branch left. He sprang up from an acorn dropped from the oak the lightning struck. So that is three oak lives, Guido dear, back to the time I was thinking of just now. And that oak under whose shadow you are now lying is the fourth of them, and he is quite young, though he is so big.

"A jay sowed the acorn from which he grew up; the jay was in the oak with one branch, and some one frightened him, and as he flew he dropped the acorn which he had in his bill just there, and now you are lying in the shadow of the tree. So, you see, it is a very long time ago, when the blackbirds came and whistled up in those oaks I was thinking of, and that was why I was not very happy.

"But you have heard the blackbirds whistling ever since?" said Guido; "and there was such a big black one up in our cherry tree this morning, and I shot my arrow at him and very nearly hit him. Besides, there is a blackbird whistling now—you listen. There, he's somewhere in the copse. Why can't you listen to him and be happy now?"

"I will be happy, dear, as you are here, but still it is a long, long time, and then I think, after I am dead, and there is more wheat in my place, the blackbirds will go on whistling for another thousand years after me. For of course I did not hear them all that time ago myself, dear, but the wheat which was before me heard them and told me. They told me, too, and I know it is true, that the cuckoo came and called all day till the moon shone at night, and began again in the morning before the dew had sparkled in the sunrise. The dew dries very soon on wheat, Guido, dear, because wheat is so dry; first the sunrise makes the tips of the wheat ever so faintly rosy, then it grows yellow, then as the heat increases it becomes white at noon, and golden in the afternoon, and white again under the moonlight. Besides which wide shadows come over from the clouds, and a wind always follows the shadow and waves us, and every time we sway to and fro that alters our color. A rough wind gives us one tint, and heavy rain another, and we look different on a cloudy day to what we do on a sunny one. All these colors changed on us when the blackbird was whistling in the oak the lightning struck, the fourth one backwards from me; and it makes me sad to think that after four more oaks have gone, the same colors will come on the wheat that will grow then. It is thinking about those past colors, and songs, and leaves, and of the colors and the sunshine, and the songs, and the leaves that will come in the future that makes to-day so much. It makes to-day a thousand years long backwards, and a thousand years long forward, and makes the sun so warm, and the air so sweet, and the butterflies so lovely, and the hum of the bees, and everything so delicious. We cannot have enough of it.

"No, that we cannot," said Guido. "Go on, you talk so nice and low. I feel sleepy and jolly. Talk away, old Wheat."

"Let me see," said the Wheat. "Once on a time while the men were knocking us out of the ear on a floor with flails, which are sticks with little hinges—"

"As if I did not know what a flail was!" said Guido. "I hit old John with the flail, and Ma gave him a shilling not to be cross."

"While they were knocking us with the hard sticks," the Wheat went on, "we heard them talking about a king who was shot with an arrow like yours in the forest—it slipped from a tree, and went into him instead of into the deer. And long before that the men came up the river—the stream in the ditch there runs into the river—in rowing ships—how you would like one to play in, Guido! For they were not like the ships now which are machines, they were rowing ships—men's ships—and came right up into the land ever so far, all along the river up to the place where the stream in the ditch runs in; just where your papa took you in the punt, and you got the waterlilies, the white ones."

"And wetted my sleeve right up my arm—oh, I know! I can row you, old Wheat; I can row as well as my papa can."

"But since the rowing ships came, the ploughs have turned up this ground a thousand times," said the Wheat; "and each time the furrows smelt sweeter, and this year they smelt sweetest of all. The horses have such glossy coats, and such fine manes, and they are so strong and beautiful. They drew the ploughs along and made the ground give up its sweetness and savor, and while they were doing it, the spiders in the copse spun their silk along from the ashpoles, and the mist in the morning weighed down their threads. It was so delicious to come out of the clods as we pushed our green leaves up and felt the rain, and the wind, and the warm sun. Then a little bird came in the copse and called, 'Sip—sip, sip, sip, sip,' such a sweet low song, and the larks ran along the ground in between us, and there were bluebells in the copse, and anemones; till by-and-by the sun made us yellow, and the blue flowers that you have in your hand came out. I cannot tell you how many there have been of these flowers since the oak was struck by the lightning, in all the thousand years there must have been altogether—I cannot tell you how many."

"Why didn't I pick them all?" said Guido.

"Do you know," said the Wheat, "we have thought so much more, and felt so much more, since your people took us, and ploughed for us, and sowed us, and reaped us. We are not like the same wheat we used to be before your people touched us, when we grew wild, and there were huge great things in the woods and marshes which I will not tell you about lest you should be frightened. Since we have felt your hands, and you have touched us, we have felt so much more. Perhaps that was why I was not very happy till you came, for I was thinking quite as much about your people as about us, and how all the flowers of all those thousand years, and all the songs and the sunny days were gone, and all the people were gone too, who had heard the blackbirds whistle in the oak the lightning struck. And those that are alive now—there will be cuckoos calling, and the eggs in the thrushes' nests, and blackbirds whistling, and blue corn-flowers, a thousand years after every one of them is gone.

"So that is why it is so sweet this minute, and why I want you, and your people, dear, to be happy now and to have all these things, and to agree so as not to be so anxious and careworn, but to come out with us, or sit by us, and listen to the blackbirds, and hear the wind rustle us, and be happy. O, I wish I

could make them happy, and do away with all their care and anxiety, and give you all heaps and heaps of flowers! Don't go away, darling, do you lie still, and I will talk and sing to you, and you can pick some more flowers when you get up. There is a beautiful shadow there, and I heard the streamlet say that he would sing a little to you; he is not very big, he cannot sing very loud. By-and-by, I know, the sun will make us as dry as dry, and darker, and then the reapers will come while the spiders are spinning their silk again—this time it will come floating in the blue air, for the air seems blue if you look up.

"It is a great joy to your people, dear, when the reaping time arrives: the harvest is a great joy to you when the thistledown comes rolling along in the wind. So that I shall be happy even when the reapers cut me down, because I know it is for you, and your people, my love. The strong men will come to us gladly, and the women, and the little children will sit in the shade and gather great white trumpets of convolvulus, and come to tell their mothers how they saw the young partridges in the next field. But there is one thing we do not like, and that is, all the labor and the misery. Why cannot your people have us without so much labor, and why are so many of you unhappy? Why cannot they be all happy with us as you are, dear? For hundreds and hundreds of years now the wheat every year has been sorrowful for your people, and I think we get more sorrowful every year about it, because as I was telling you just now the flowers go, and the swallows go, the old, old oaks go, and that oak will go, under the shade of which you are lying, Guido; and if your people do not gather the flowers now, and watch the swallows, and listen to the blackbird whistling, as you are listening now while I talk, then Guido, my love, they will never pick any flowers, nor hear any birds' songs. They think they will, they think that when they have toiled and worked a long time, almost all their lives, then they will come to the flowers, and the birds, and be joyful in the sunshine. But no, it will not be so, for then they will be old themselves, and their ears dull, and their eyes dim, so that the birds will sound a great distance off, and the flowers will not seem bright.

"Of course, we know that the greatest part of your people cannot help themselves, and must labor on like the reapers till their ears are full of the dust of age. That only makes us more sorrowful, and anxious that things should be different. I do not suppose we should think about them had we not been in man's hand so long that now we have got to feel with man. Every year makes it more pitiful because then there are more flowers gone, and added to the vast numbers of those gone before, and never gathered, or looked at, though they could have given so much pleasure. And all the work and labor, and thinking, and reading and learning that your people do ends in nothing—not even one flower. We cannot understand why it should be so. There are thousands of wheat-ears in this field, more than you would know how to write down with you pencil, though you have learned your tables, sir. Yet all of us thinking, and talking, cannot understand why it is when we consider how clever your people are, and how they bring ploughs, and steam-engines, and put up wires along the roads to tell you things when you are miles away, and sometimes we are sown where we can hear the hum, hum, all day of the children learning in the school. The butterflies flutter over us, and the sun shines, and the doves are very, very happy at their nest, but the children go on hum, hum inside this house, and learn, learn. So we

Suggestions—What to Give?

POSITION—financially and socially—of parties concerned should be considered—not only should be, but it is very important that it is.

What it would be very proper for one to give would be very improper for another to give.

The same argument works the other way—what would be appropriate to give one couple would be very inappropriate to give another.



To the Bridesmaids—

The bride should give something as a souvenir.

Bridesmaid Pins—

Set with diamonds or pearls, or in plain gold. Prices range from \$2.25 up.

Signet Bracelets—

Are very appropriate. Solid gold, with bride's initials, \$12.00 and up.

Necklaces—

Of gold beads, from \$10.00 up.

To Groomsman and Ushers—

The groom may give a souvenir, and the most popular things are

Match Boxes, Card Cases, Cigarette or Cigar Cases, Scarf Pins and Tie Clasps.

Prices run from \$1.00 to \$100.00 each.

For the Home-to-Be

EVERY wedding is or should be the starting of a home, and therefore articles of tableware, art goods, etc., are very appropriate.

But It Should Be Good.

Silver—

Mermod & Jaccard Silverware needs no introduction—our name assures quality—is a guarantee of value.

We have solid silver pieces and sets of every description. You may go as far as you like—one piece or a complete service of several hundred pieces. Our patterns are exclusive.

Prices range from \$1.00 to between two and three thousand.

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Diamonds for the Bride.

THE groom, his relatives and the bride's relatives and intimate friends of either family may with all propriety give her diamonds—in fact, they are, of all material things, the most admired of womankind.

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Our Collection of diamond and other precious gem jewelry is the largest and finest in America, and our prices are the lowest. We have everything from a diamond solitaire at \$10.00 to a diamond necklace at \$25,000.00.

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May be used as brooch or charm. Price, \$145.00.

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Diamond center, petals of baroque pearls and band of diamonds. Price \$525.00.

Marguerite Brooch—

Set with 60 beautiful, brilliant white diamonds. Price \$625.00.

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suppose you must be very clever, and yet you cannot manage this. All your work is wasted, and you labor in vain—you dare not leave it a minute.

"If you left it a minute it would all be gone; it does not mount up and make a store, so that all of you could sit by it and be happy. Directly you leave off you are hungry, and thirsty, and miserable like the beggars that tramp along the dusty road here. All the thousand years of labor since this field was first ploughed have not stored up anything for you. It would not matter about the work so much if you were only happy; the bees work every year, but they are happy; the doves build a nest every year, but they are very, very happy. We think it must be because you do not come out to us and be with us, and think more as we do. It is not because your people have not got plenty to eat and drink—you have as much as the bees. Why just look at us! Look at the wheat that grows all over the world; all the figures that were ever written in pencil could not tell how much, it is such an immense quantity. Yet your people starve and die of hunger every now and then,

and we have seen the wretched beggars tramping along the road. We have known of times when there was a great pile of us, almost a hill piled up, it was not in this country, it was in another warmer country, and yet no one dared to touch it—they died at the bottom of the hill of wheat. The earth is full of skeletons of people who have died of hunger. They are dying now this minute in your big cities, with nothing but stones all round them, stone walls and stone streets; not jolly stones like those you threw in the water, dear—hard, unkind stones, that make them cold and let them die, while we are growing here, millions of us, in the sunshine with the butterflies floating over us. This makes us unhappy; I was very unhappy this morning till you came running over and played with us.

"It is not because there is not enough: it is because your people are so short-sighted, so jealous and selfish, and so curiously infatuated with things that are not so good as your old toys which you have flung away and forgotten. And you teach the children hum, hum, all day to care about such silly

things, and to work for them and to look to them as the object of their lives. It is because you do not share us among you without price or difference; because you do not share the great earth among you fairly, without spite and jealousy and avarice; because you will not agree; you silly, foolish people to let all the flowers wither for a thousand years while you keep each other at a distance, instead of agreeing and sharing them! Is there something in you—as there is poison in the nightshade, you know it, dear, your papa told you not to touch it—is there a sort of poison in your people that works them up into a hatred of one another? Why, then, do you not agree and have all things, all the great earth can give you, just as we have the sunshine and the rain? How happy your people could be if they would only agree! But you go on teaching even the little children to follow the same silly object, hum, hum, hum, all the day, and they will grow up to hate each other, and to try which can get the most round things—you have one in your pocket."

"Sixpence," said Guido. "It's quite a new one"

"And other things quite as silly," the wheat continued. "All the time the flowers are flowering, but they will go, even the oaks will go. We think the reason you do not all have plenty, and why you do not do only just a little work, and why you die of hunger if you leave off, and why so many of you are unhappy in body and mind, and all the misery is because you have not got a spirit like the wheat, like us; you will not agree, and you will not share, and you will hate each other, and you will be so avaricious, and you will not touch the flowers, or go into the sunshine (you would rather half of you died among the hard stones first), and you will teach your children hum, hum, to follow in some foolish course that has caused you all this unhappiness a thousand years, and you will *not* have a spirit like us, and feel like us. Till you have a spirit like us, and feel like us, you will never, never be happy. Lie still, dear; the shadow of the oak is broad and will not move from you for a long time yet."

"But perhaps Paul will come up to my house, and Percy and Morna."

"Look up in the oak very quietly, don't move, just open your eyes and look," said the Wheat, who was very cunning. Guido looked and saw a lovely little bird climbing up a branch. It was chequered, black and white, like a very small magpie, only without such a long tail, and it had a spot of red about its neck. It was a pied woodpecker, not the large green woodpecker, but another kind. Guido saw it go round the branch, and then some way up, and round again till it came to a place that pleased it, and then the woodpecker struck the bark with its bill, tap-tap. The sound was quite loud, ever so much more noise than such a tiny bill seemed able to make. Tap-tap! If Guido had not been still so that the bird had come close he would never have found it among the leaves. Tap-tap! After it had picked out all the insects there, the woodpecker flew away over the ashpoles of the copse.

"I should just like to stroke him," said Guido. "If I climbed up into the oak perhaps he would come again, and I could catch him."

"No," said the Wheat, "he only comes once a day."

"Then tell me stories," said Guido, imperiously.

"I will if I can," said the Wheat. "Once upon a time, when the oak the lightning struck was still living, and when the wheat was green in this very field, a man came staggering out of the wood, and walked out into it. He had an iron helmet on, and he was wounded, and his blood stained the green wheat red as he walked. He tried to get to the streamlet, which was wider then, Guido dear, to drink, for he knew it was there, but he could not reach it. He fell down and died in the green wheat, dear, for he was very much hurt with a sharp spear, but more so with hunger and thirst."

"I am so sorry," said Guido; "and now, I look at you, why you are all thirsty and dry, you nice old Wheat, and the ground is as dry as dry under you; I will get you something to drink."

And down he scrambled into the ditch, setting his foot firm on a root, for though he was so young, he knew how to get down to the water without wetting his feet, or falling in, and how to climb up a tree, and everything jolly. Guido dipped his hand in the streamlet, and flung the water over the wheat five or six good sprinklings till the drops hung on the wheat-ears. Then he said, "Now you are better."

"Yes, dear, thank you, my love," said the Wheat, who was very pleased, though, of course, the water was not enough to wet its roots. Still it was pleas-

ant, like a very little shower. Guido lay down on his chest this time, with his elbows on the ground, propping his head up, and as he now faced the wheat, he could see in between the stalks.

"Lie still," said the Wheat, "the corn-crake is not very far off, he has come up here since your papa told the mowers to mow the meadow, and very likely if you stay quiet you will see him. If you do not understand all I say, never mind, dear; the sunshine is warm, but not too warm in the shade, and we all love you, and want you to be as happy as ever you can be."

"It is jolly to be quite hidden like this," said Guido. "No one could find me; if Paul were to look all day he would never find me; even papa could not find me. Now go on and tell me stories."

"Ever so many times, when the oak the lightning struck was young," said the Wheat, "great stags used to come out of the wood and feed on the green wheat; it was early in the morning when they came. Such great stags, and so proud, and yet so timid, the least thing made them go bound, bound, bound."

"Oh, I know!" said Guido; "I saw some jump over the fence in the forest—I am going there again soon. If I take my bow I will shoot one!"

"But there are no deer here now," said the Wheat; "they have been gone a long, long time; though I think your papa has one of their antlers."

"Now, how did you know that?" said Guido; "you have never been to our house, and you cannot see in from here because the fir copse is in the way; how did you find out these things?"

"Oh!" said the Wheat, laughing, "we have lots of ways of finding out things. Don't you remember the swallow that swooped down and told you not to be frightened at the hare? The swallow has his nest at your house, and he often flies by your windows and looks in, and he told me. The birds tell us lots of things, and all about what is over the sea."

"But that is not a story," said Guido.

"Once upon a time," said the Wheat, "when the oak the lightning struck was alive, your papa's papa's papa, ever so much farther back than that, had all the fields round here, all that you can see from Acre Hill. And do you know it happened that in time every one of them was lost or sold, and your family, Guido dear, were homeless—no house, no garden or orchard, and no dogs or guns, or anything jolly. One day the papa that was then came along the road with his little Guido, and they were beggars, dear, and had no place to sleep, and they slept all night in the wheat in this very field close to where the hawthorn bush grows now—were you picked the May flowers, you know, my love. They slept there all the summer night, and the fern owls flew to and fro, and the bats and crickets chirped, and the stars shone faintly, as if they were made pale by the heat. The poor papa never had a house, but that little Guido lived to grow up a great man, and he worked so hard, and he was so clever, and every one loved him, which was the best of all things. He bought this very field and then another, and another, and got such a lot of the old fields back again, and the goldfinches sang for joy, and so did the larks and the thrushes, because they said what a kind man he was. Then his son got some more of them, till at last your papa bought ever so many more. But we often talk about the little boy who slept in the wheat in this field, which was his father's father's field. If only the wheat then could have helped him, and been kind to him, you may be sure it would. We love you so much we like to see the very crumbs left by the men who do the hoeing when they eat their crusts; we wish

they could have more to eat, but we like to see their crumbs, which, you know, are made of wheat, so that we have done them some good, at least."

"That's not a story," said Guido.

"There's a gold coin here somewhere," said the Wheat, "such a pretty one, it would make a capital button for your jacket, dear, or for your mamma; that is all any sort of money is good for; I wish all the coins were made into buttons for little Guido."

"Where is it?" said Guido.

"I can't exactly tell where it is," said the Wheat. "It was very near me once, and I thought the next thunder's rain would wash it down into the streamlet—it has been here ever so long, it came here first just after the oak the lightning split died. And it has been rolled about by the ploughs ever since, and no one has ever seen it; I thought it must go into the ditch at last, but when the men came to hoe one of them knocked it back, and then another kicked it along—it was covered with earth—and then, one day, a rook came and split the clod open with his bill, and pushed the pieces first one side and then the other, and the coin went one way, but I did not see; I must ask a humble-bee, or a mouse, or a mole, or some one who knows more about it. It is very thin, so that if the rook's bill had struck it, his strong bill would have made a dent in it, and there is, I think, a ship marked on it."

"Oh, I must have it! A ship! Ask a humble-bee directly; be quick!"

Bang! There was a loud report, a gun had gone off in the copse.

"That's my papa," shouted Guido. "I'm sure that was my papa's gun!" Up he jumped, and getting down the ditch, stepped across the water, and, seizing a hazel-bough to help himself, climbed up the bank. At the top he slipped through the fence by the oak, and so into the copse. He was in such a hurry he did not mind the thistles or the boughs that whipped him as they sprang back, he scrambled through meeting the vapor of the gunpowder and the smell of sulphur. In a minute he found a green path, and in the path was his papa, who had just shot a cruel crow. The crow had been eating the birds' eggs, and picking the little birds to pieces.

The Woman Heart

By Theodosia Garrison

She never said "I love you not" but when
She was all fearful that she loved too much:
She never took her hand from yours—but
then

When most she craved its touch.

She never laughed at you but when she fain
Would be too tender. Never turned away
Save when each impulse urged her once again
To listen and to stay.

A woman's heart is like a witch's prayer—
To be read backward and its craft defied.
Ah, judge us not by those poor lies we dare,
But by the truths we hide.

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616 LOCUST STREET.**She Lets Him Smoke**

By Elizabeth Waddell

HAVE you observed that in most of the popular novels and novelettes written nowadays, the heroine, whatever else she does to the hero, no matter how hot the water she keeps him in or how cold the shoulder she turns upon him, how high the head of her hauteur, or how keen the edge of her scorn, invariably—

Lets him smoke?

Her heart may be as the nether millstone to his passion's plea, but it melts like wax before the yearning in his eyes for his favorite Havana. She may be innocent as a cherub, dainty as a white violet, and convent-bred, but always the odor of a long, strong cheroot is incense to her delicate nostrils. She may worship in him her ideal of a clean, unsullied manhood, heart-strong and brain-strong, steely of nerve

and brawny of arm, but she rolls cigarettes for him none the less assiduously.

The story told of various feminine celebrities, but first, if I am not mistaken, of a little French school girl, that, when asked if she minded a gentleman's smoking in her presence, she replied, "I do not know; no gentleman has ever smoked in my presence," will now be heard no more. It represents an obsolete idea.

She may be strong on hygiene, prominent in vegetarian circles, mortifying the flesh with nut cutlets, cereal coffee and breakfast-food pie, but she intimates to him that she considers the post-prandial cigar more essential than the constitutional to the constitution male. She may be a Gorgon of stony virtue or a siren of seductiveness, but she is an angel of indulgence to man's pet and pettiest vice; and the nimbus round her brow is such as blown from briarwood or meerschaum ascends in aromatic wreaths to heaven.

She lets him smoke.

She is distressed if he doesn't smoke.

She entreats him to smoke. She commands him to smoke.

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She shuts the parlor door when he is gone, to keep in the odor of his cigar, and when he comes again she tells him so. Beside him in the open air, she walks or sits to the leeward, that she may get the full benefit thereof.

Married, she may cry for the moon, and it in apogee, or for the earth with a fence around it. She may maintain the right to a whole cordon of cavaliers servente, scorn domesticity, join innumerable clubs, pet a poodle, be absolutely incapable of directing a servant, and, though conversant with some seventeen languages, totally unable to express herself in terms of apple dumpling; she may waste his substance in riotous robing, and keep his nose to the grindstone all the days of his life—but—ah, divine indemnity!—

She lets him smoke!

She lets him smoke as the wind bloweth—where he listeth. To the detriment of the window curtains and the strangulation of the baby, she lets him smoke.

All of which goes to prove, since it is oftenest a man who writes the stories, and makes the heroine, presumably, as he would have her, that smoking is

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the most important thing in a man's life, valued above houses and land and domestic comforts and the soft endearments of prosperous passion.

Either that, or it is because he has given up all hope of more substantial concessions to his well-being on the part of the steadily encroaching and all pervading eternal feminine, that he grasps at his not-yet-subsidized cigarette as the drowning at a straw. It is the forlorn hope of Pantaloon overwhelmed by Petticoats; a whilom-sovereign masculinity making its last stand.

As for the heroine herself, she doesn't quite smoke, and in that she would seem to lack the courage of her convictions. A foolish consistency may be the hobgoblin of little minds; but its foolish opposite has long been a feminine reproach, and she must culti-

vate a degree of consistency if she would be of the sisterhood of the advanced.

She might take example from a baby girl whom a certain traveler in the mountainous region of one of our Southern States chanced to interview. She was a tot of five, with big, china-blue eyes, and lips like scarlet japonica buds, albeit a trifle dulled with umbery brown at the corners.

"Don't you chaw baccy?" she asked in astonishment. "Why, I do! Good, sweet, home-made baccy's good, an' I loves it, an' I chaws it!"

Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings! Here's logic! "I loves it and I chaws it!"

If the fair maiden or the gracious matron loves it, let her be consistent, and, if not quite "chaw," at least be brave enough to take her smoke, *not* by proxy, and not—as she would scorn to take any other commodity—not second-hand.

the life of a certain *Emma*, the daughter of a French farmer, who marries *Charles Bovary*, an obscure country doctor—the kindest, simplest, most stupid of husbands either in life or in fiction.

"Charles' conversation was commonplace as a street pavement, and everyone's ideas trooped through it in their everyday garb, without exciting emotion, laughter or thought."

Charles takes *Emma* to a dull-as-ditchwater "one-horse" country town, near Rouen. *Emma*, gaping after love like a carp on a kitchen table after water, is difficile, luxurious and sentimental. Paris rings in her ears like a great cathedral bell; it shines before her eyes even on the labels of her pomade-pots; she wastes away with ennui, loneliness and contempt for her beaming bourgeois of a husband.

"Besides, she was becoming more irritated with him. As he grew older his manner grew heavier; after eating he cleaned his teeth with his tongue; in taking soup he made a gurgling noise with every spoonful."

And on the very first chance she takes a lover, one *Rodolphe Boulanger*.

"Never had *Charles* seemed to her so disagreeable, to have such stodgy fingers, such vulgar ways, to be so dull as when they found themselves together after her meeting with *Rodolphe*. Then, while playing the spouse and virtue, she was burning at the thought of that head whose black hair fell in a curl over the sunburned brow, of that form at once so strong and so elegant, of that man, in a word, who had such experience in his reasoning, such passion in his desires. It was for him that she filed her nails with the care of a chaser, and that there was never enough cold cream for her skin, nor of patch-ouil for her handkerchiefs. She loaded herself with bracelets, rings and necklaces. When he was coming she filled the two large blue glass vases with roses, and prepared her room and her person like a courtesan expecting a prince. She repented of her past virtue as of a crime, and what still remained of it crumbled away beneath the furious blows of her pride. She reveled in all the evil ironies of triumphant adultery."

With *Rodolphe*, *Emma* is happy for a few months; then, at a moment's notice he deserts her with the brutal cynicism of a *fin-de-siecle* clubman, who never uses the same woman or the same pair of gloves twice. *Emma* falls violently ill, and embraces penitence after caressing sin, that is to say she gets religion, fancying herself seized with the finest Catholic melancholy that an ethereal soul could conceive. When she kneels on her gothic *priedieu*, she addresses to the Lord the same suave words that she had murmured formerly

On Re-reading "Madame Bovary"

By John Stapleton Cowley-Brown

THE books I loved, I love them still!" Thus Andrew Lang. I also! Indeed, only last night I was rereading—for certainly the eighth or ninth time—the greatest novel I have any knowledge of. The novel over whose transcendent superiority I am so enthusiastic? Not "L'Homme Qui Rit," not "Griffith Gaunt," not "Wuthering Heights," not "La Cousine Bette," not "Les Illusions Perdues," not "Vanity Fair," not Meredith's *chef d'oeuvre* "Rhoda Fleming," not "Anna Karenine," not "Fathers and Children," by the novelist's novelist Ivan Turgeneff; no, none of these old favorites, for that somber story "Madame Bovary," the master-work of Gustave Flaubert's master-mind was the book that once again I read with febrile interest and closed in gasping admiration of its sincerity and strength.

For once permit a jaded book reviewer, instead of estimating the ephemeral rubbish of the moment (nugatory novels that arrive every year like the flies, in countless number), to attempt to convey to those who have yet to make *Emma Bovary's* acquaintance, some idea of the essential greatness of this novel of human passion, by the arch-analyst and master-vivisectionist, Gustave Flaubert, this *magnum opus* before which the world's greatest critics long since have humbly salaamed.

First, let me parathetically cite Carlyle's piercingly pertinent apothegm that no book that will not improve by repeated reading deserves to be read at all. "Madame Bovary," for example, reads better each time it is read.

When Flaubert was a mere neophyte in letters some journalist friend counseled him, "Begin with a thunder clap." He did. The "thunder clap" was "Madame Bovary," for writing which, the author was arrested on but acquitted of the charge of having committed an outrage on morality and religion.

"Books," according to Voltaire, "are made from books." Not all books. Not "Madame Bovary," for Flaubert was the first novelist to make fiction from facts. Flaubert's heart had bled. Looking into it, he wrote a book that burns and brands itself ineffaceably on the memory. Moreover, unlike Zola and his clumsy Anglo-American imitators (George Moore, our own Frank Norris *et id genus omne*), Flaubert never struck down a forest in order to make a box.

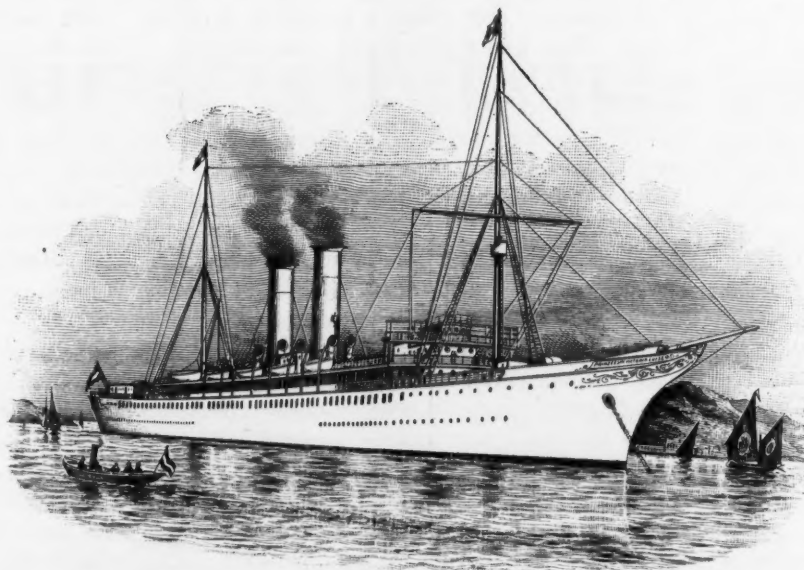
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to her lover, in the outpourings of adultery. After this religious mansuetude Emma takes another lover, a Prince Charming, a young law student, by the name of *Leon Dupuis*. At first theirs is a love more or less platonic, certainly a love almost without debauchery. *Leon* does not question *Emma's* ideas; he accepts all her tastes; he becomes her mistress rather than she his. Finally *Leon*, as *Rudolphe* before him, deserts her; *Leon*, the poor moth before the candle; *Leon*, who had again and again rebelled against his absorption by her personality, but who had willy-nilly, time after time, when he heard the rustling of her skirts turned coward, like drunkards at the sight of strong drink. *Emma* frets over his defection, described by Flaubert in this purple passage quoted verbatim for the sake of the magnificent image so characteristic of the writer whose every page of impeccable prose is studded with superb similes that explode like bombs beneath their reader's eyes:

"Henceforth the memory of *Leon* was the center of her boredom; it burned there more brightly than the fire travelers have left on the snow of a Russian steppe. She sprang toward him, she pressed against him, she stirred carefully the dying embers, sought all around for anything that could revive it; and the most distant reminiscences, like the most immediate occasions, what she experienced as well as what she imagined, her voluptuous desires that were unsatisfied, her projects of happiness that crackled in the wind like dead boughs, her sterile virtue, her lost hopes, the domestic tete-a-tete—she gathered it all up, took everything, and made it all serve as fuel for her melancholy.

"The flames, however, subsided, either because the supply had exhausted itself, or because it had been piled up too much. Love, little by little, was quelled by absence; regret stifled beneath habit; and this incendiary light that had empurpled her pale sky was overspread and faded by degrees. In

the supineness of her conscience she even took her repugnance toward her husband for aspirations toward her lover, the burning of hate for the warmth of tenderness; but as the tempest still raged, and as passion burned itself down to the very cinders, and no help came, no sun rose, there was night on all sides, and she was lost in the terrible cold that pierced her."

Meanwhile, all her little world sees and knows and gossips like the old women in an American summer hotel, the poor cuckold of a husband as usual, neither seeing nor suspecting. Losing her head, she signs promissory notes right and left, and is buried beneath an avalanche of debt. She swallows her pride and goes back as a beggar to *Rudolphe*, her first lover, and he refuses to give her a sou. She tries to sell herself and fails, wherefore she suicides. The bailiffs come down on the husband, still ignorant as an ostrich. At last he knows the truth and dies, leaving eight francs to his little girl who has to go to work in a cotton mill.

Now, from this rapid survey, gentle reader, do not glean the impression that "*Madame Bovary*" is simply the squalid story of a naturally depraved woman. For *Emma Bovary* is the most powerfully-conceived figure in all fiction. In her veins there is not a drop of ink. Like or dislike her, she lives and breathes—is a woman depicted not by a photographer, but by a painter. She is real, real as *La Cousine Bette* or *Becky Sharp*. Moreover, because of the crushing mediocrity of provincial existence here in the United States, where class distinctions are nowhere sharply defined as in Europe, there are thousands of American prototypes of *Emma Bovary*. Why, in every little interior town in Missouri there is some embryo *Emma* mated to a boor, before whose eyes St. Louis or Chicago,

more vague than the ocean, glimmers in a rose-colored atmosphere. They repeat the name "St. Louis" or "Chicago" in a low voice for the mere pleasure of it. Fact!

For all of these more to be pitied than lapidated women (*vide Shaw's Candida*), their husbands are the obstacle to all felicity, and, as it were, the sharp clasp of that complex strap that buckles them in on all sides. Ennui, the silent spider, weaves its web in the darkness of every corner of their hearts; the eternal note of sadness sounds in their ears.

These women—in the Middle West alone, there are thousands of them—I personally have known some score, and I am no cicerone, no rural Don Juan—at the bottom of their hearts are waiting for something to happen. Like ship-wrecked sailors, they turn despairing eyes upon the solitude of their lives, seeking afar off some white sail in the mists of the horizon. They do not know what this chance will be, what wind will bring it to them, toward what shore it will drive them, if it will be a shallop or a three-decker, laden with anguish or full of bliss to the portholes. But each morning as they awake they hope it will come that day; they listen to every sound, spring up with a start; wonder that it does not come; then at sunset, always more saddened, they long for the morrow. The hunger of the heart, what a tragedy it is! For that matter, in every summer hotel in America are native *and native *, who as *Emma Bovary* and *Leon Dupuis* before them, find again in adultery all the platitudes of marriage. That is their punishment. Sometimes the husbands of these women, who long to be living lives where the heart expands, the senses burgeon out, are small tradesmen;**

as often they are commercial ripsnorters, perhaps Chicago millionaires with big businesses. Always they are heavy-jawed, bovine, common, men as mentally inferior to their wives as was *Charles* to *Emma Bovary*. Oh! yes, such books as "Madame Bovary" make me rejoice I was born a man, and not surcungled with legal and physical handicaps as is the Superior Sex.

A decade ago Thomas Hardy brought down on himself the insults of the Philistines, because he subtitled his moving, fresh and beautiful "Tess of the d'Urbervilles", "a pure woman faithfully presented." Semblably, to my way of thinking, *Emma Bovary* is essentially a "pure" woman. All her stunted sunless life, she is in the "fell clutch of Circumstance." Chance bludgeons her from the day of her silly marriage to the closing scene of her deathbed when she stretched forward her neck as one who is athirst, and gluing her lips to the body of the man-god, pressed upon it with all her expiring strength the fullest kiss of love that she had ever given. I should like to have known *Emma Bovary*. Together with *Diana of the Crossways*, *Sophia Western*, *Eugenie Grandet*, *Beatrix Esmond* and (for I have a catholic taste), *Mrs. Mount*, the fascinating demi-mondaine in "The Ordeal of Richard Feverel"—to me *Emma Bovary* is one of the most interesting women in fiction. She is the Artistic Temperament incarnate, but whatever gods there be for their own inscrutable reasons denied her the power to work off her emotions in music or painting or writing. There are women who seem to possess nothing of their sex but the gown. *Emma Bovary* is epicene, in her all the ardent desires of a man are cramped within the frail body of a woman. Hence her stunted sunless life! After all, she is punished for her virtue as much as for her vices, flagitious and soiling.

Emma, though lust-stained, has the defects of her qualities. This French "Tess of the d'Urbervilles," all her life is the sport of the Immortals; even her defects resembled those blemishes so closely cognate to merits that to weed out the vice is to denude the virtue and leave an amorphous residuum. Do not for one moment suppose *Emma Bovary* to be a cousin-german to *Mlle. Marneffe*, the wickedest woman in fiction. For in Bourget's apt phrase "She is perverted by the noblest characteristics of her nature." She knew the worst too young. In her hunt for happiness she strained after an unattainable heaven, and finally discovered that in terrene existence this fleshy body with all its hateful needs no cleaner than a beast often makes life a rancid nightmare, offensive as a sickly odor of cooking coming out of a vent-hole. Shelley-like, she fell upon the thorns of Life and bled.

"Madame Bovary," despite the unctuously rectitudinous *Tartuffe*-throng who roll up their eyes like dying rabbits at the mere mention of its name, is, of course, a profoundly moral book. Henry James, indeed, has termed it a "Sunday school tract." The reading of such a book instead of instilling a love for vice, inspires the adult reader with a wholesome horror of the hideous corruption that is in the world through lust. Flaubert writes frankly, honestly, with the calm of a doctor describing a disease. This, of course, is too much for the fig-leaf morality of Colonel Comstock and other nasty-nice professional purists, purists for revenue only. In the words of the author of the "City of Dreadful Night," "to call 'Madame Bovary' immoral is a monstrous absurdity. Lasciviousness cannot co-exist with profound thought, with intense imagination, with unswerving temperance, with austere self-repression, and all these dominate throughout 'Madame Bovary.'" Do not, therefore,

hold Flaubert responsible for modern tommy-rotics, such subtly suggestive novels as "Sir Richard Calmady," "Evelyn Innes," "A Modern Lover," "Captain Amyas," "Pigs in Clover," "Bacarrat" and other pet productions of the "dead dog in alley school." For the greatest novel ever written is essentially moral and healthy. "But young girls might read this book if translated and sold on the same counter with current skim-milk fiction," quotha! And why not? Surely there is a warning, rather than a temptation in this stern, severe and simple story that too long has been anathema because crassly classified with the aforementioned maculate novels in whose prurient pages lust plays naked on an open stage—pornographic novels belonging to what Lowell calls "*corps de ballet* literature, in which the most animal of the passions is made more temptingly naked by a veil of French gauze." "John Oliver Hobbes's" stand on this question of tabooed novels has sent chills down the spines of the Philistines here and in England. "Fielding for Our Daughters," is the slogan. Says "John Oliver Hobbes":

"Speaking for myself, I consider Fielding may be regarded as a nerve tonic nowadays, an antidote to the morbid and neurotic twaddle which, under various disguises—romantic, sentimental and historical—is consumed by girl readers. If I had a daughter I should certainly give her the works of Fielding. I should be sorry, of course, that she would have to make the acquaintance of many severe facts with which Fielding deals, but she would have to learn these things at one time or another, and I do not think she could learn them in a better way than by reading 'Tom Jones.'"

Yes, indeed, "John Oliver Hobbes's" iconoclastic views rest on the impregnable rock of Truth, *pace* Mrs. Grundy's groans. Let girls of marriageable age read, mark, learn and inwardly digest "Tom Jones." "Fielding was the last of our writers who drew a man, and he certainly did not study from a draped model." Let them read "Joseph Andrews," "Amelia," "Peregrine Pickle" and "Madame Bovary," then they will not be so likely to fall victims to the first "Tom Jones" or "Rudolphe Boulanger," who Chadwick them with some preposterous poppycock about their being (to them) as a Madonna on a pedestal, something sacred, secure, immaculate.

But hold! methinks I hear Editor Arundineous and others who know their Flaubert by heart murmur, "This Flaubert appreciation is of little interest to us." Agreed: but I pen these peripatetic paragraphs for the neophyte. A chance reference to a favorite book may add a pleasure far beyond rubies to some Earth-

*"Our immortal Fielding was of the younger branch of the Earls of Denbigh. . . . The successors of Charles I. may disdain their brethren in England, but the romance of 'Tom Jones'—that exquisite picture of humor and manners—will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the imperial eagle of Austria."—Gibbon.

"I never saw Doctor Johnson really angry with me but once. I alluded to some witty passage in 'Tom Jones.' He replied: 'I am shocked to hear you quote from so vicious a book. I am sorry to hear you have read it; a confession which no modest lady should ever make.'"—Hannah More.

"To contrast those fair, large parchments in which Fielding stated his results, with those tattered and filthy parchments which the latter-day literary rag-picker exists but to grope out from kennel and sewer, is to know the difference between the artist in health and the artist possessed by an idiosyncrasy as by a devil."—W. E. Henley.

"Time and shower have very little damaged those (the edifices of Fielding's fame). The fashion and ornaments are, perhaps, of the architecture of that age; but the buildings remain strong and lofty, and of admirable proportions, masterpieces of genius and monuments of workmanlike skill."—Thackeray.

ian's existence. For example, it was to a glowing eulogy in a tattered copy of George Moore's "Confession of a Young Man" strayed by some curious contatenation of circumstances to a little wooden hotel in the wilds of God-forsaken because Godless Nevada that I owe my initial introduction to "Marius, the Epicurean," a book that has since become one of the most cherished of my spiritual acquisitions.

A Shakespearean trait in Flaubert is that he never preaches; like the Swan of Avon, he contents himself with showing "Virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure."

"Madame Bovary" is now a classic. Time has criticised it for us, and Time's verdict is an eloquent testimony to its superlative, its perdurable, excellence. Emphatically a book to be chewed and digested is the verdict of critics,* whose competency is open, clear, acknowledged. In the evanescent charm of Flaubert's "lyric amplitude," as exemplified in "Madame Bovary," is medicine for the soul. Rereading it this April evening in the Public Library, the one green spot full of wells and date trees in the Sahara of this great black city, this quean and gutter-snipe of cities, Chicago, for the 'steenth time I taste the anodyne of dreams. Such mere *bagatelles* as pinching poverty and the fact that, in this thirtieth year of my life, I, with all my \$10,000 education, (my father must have paid every penny of 2,000 pounds sterling for my Rugby and Edinburgh tuition! "Then your poor father got sadly cheated, old chap," snaps a candid friend), I cannot in a month, with my pen, earn the weekly wage of the city dog catcher—vanish.

The vogue of Flaubert in this country (Ibsen and George Bernard Shaw are other victims), has suffered too long, because Flaubert has been cheapened and exploited by literary Osrics like James Huneker and Vance Thompson, who time and again have sold the writer they call "Master" for thirty pieces of silver. These literary Columboes profess to find much in Flaubert that the Frenchman himself never dreamed of, and with egregious impudence they never weary in exploiting their precious discoveries in one or other of the crepuscular journals hospitable to the *Les Jeunes*.

To sum up: In his *monumentum aere perennius*, "Madame Bovary," Flaubert, a writer's writer if ever there was one, disdains to address himself *virginibus puerisque*, to children and fools. The elite minority—the few intelligent in the trillion—were his chosen audience. To which class do you belong? For to the general "Madame Bovary" must always be caviare. 'Tis too trifling for a reading public wont to hee-haw at the nauseating vulgarity of a "Billy Baxter" or a "John Henry." As for the newspaper criticasters, who (ringnosed by the business office), let loose a perfect volley of richochetting eulogies whenever "Puff, Bluff & Co." market some new slushmushgush (the facile fustian of a Major, the sugar'd sophisms of a "Dickie" Davis or the soothing syrup platitudes of a Hamilton Wright Mabie), of course, find "Madame Bovary" "immoral" and drivel at space rates for columns about the "poisonous honey of France that cries 'down with Reticency, down with Reverence,'" about "wallowing in the troughs of Flaubertism," about

*"The perfection of 'Madame Bovary' is one of the commonplaces of criticism, the position of it one of the highest a man dare dream of, the possession of it one of the glories of France."—Henry James.

"In 'Madame Bovary' Flaubert astonishes the reader by the lyric amplitude of his least sentence. All other modern works seem slight, cowardly, and incomplete beside it."—Paul Bourget.

Opening of the New Thebes Bridge

Across the Mississippi River April 18th gives the Cotton Belt Route a continuous, low grade line between St. Louis and Arkansas, Texas and Louisiana. The track is 85-lb and 75-lb steel, newly laid. Road-bed is well-ballasted.

The completion of this latest improvement places the Cotton Belt in a strong position in St. Louis-Texas freight and passenger traffic, facilitating the further development of the immense lumber and agricultural resources of Arkansas and Northwest Louisiana, and the fruit and truck industry of Eastern Texas. Passenger schedules between St. Louis and the Southwest have been reduced an hour, freight schedules five hours.

The territory served by the Cotton Belt is rapidly settling up. New industries are finding desirable location along its rails, denuded timber lands are being cleared and put to cultivation—values are advancing. Those persons seeking new locations will find conditions in this territory ripe for a turn. Every consistent aid will be given by the company in promoting development work along its line.

Cotton Belt trains leave St. Louis morning and evening, 9:20 a. m. and 9:32 p. m. Morning train carries buffet sleeper to Shreveport. Evening train carries sleeper to Texas. All trains have chair cars.



Cotton Belt Route,
909 Olive St., Union Station.

"a monster foul in itself and creating foulness—with two heads, one of which is called Adultery, the other being the current vogue of the scrofulous French Novel, these two heads, leering and ogling at each other," about "the necessity for scotching snake Sensuality" now spreading its ulcerous roots deeper and deeper in such unspeakable works as "Madame Bovary," and so on and so on.

Finally, Flaubert's "Madame Bovary" is agreeably free from the irritating "asides" that must spoil so much of Thackeray for so many. He who wrote to a contemporary "may I be skinned alive before I ever turn my private feelings to literary account" assuredly did not wear his heart upon his sleeve. Nor like the pestiferous pismires of the present day, was he

obsessed by eternal self-contemplation. Not for him were the frenzied and degrading methods of attracting attention practiced by American publishing houses aided and abetted by their authors to whom the acclamation of the rabble is as the breath of their nostrils. He scorned to make copy out of his ox and his ass, his man servant and his maid servant and all that he had. The Flaubert diffidence you see was disparate to the shrinking modesty of a Hall Caine or a Corelli, who never, never object to confiding to the critical *cretins* (the Ganders and Pecksniffs of Grub Street), their favorite style of collar or the hymns that have helped them. For between the giants and the dwarfs of letters, there is a deep gulf fixed.

Porkopolis, April, 1905.

Blue Jay's Chatter

Darling Wren:

THEY kissed; I saw them do it." "And that's no lie, neither," as John Thomas Brady used to say. Oh, la-la-la! Jane, I'm so crazy full of the story that I can't wait to tell you in decent language. It isn't a very decent story, anyhow. Tell me, honest now, do you believe in allowing another woman's husband to kiss you in a public place, or in any kind of place, even a chance salute on the left cheek bone? And if so, what would the harvest be? Yes, I know, I'm horribly rattled, but wait—wait, wait, till I tell you all the heart-rendering details:

It was this way: Only don't you hurry me, because you won't have every single bit of it if I have to write fast. And Pa would simply kill me dead, if he knew I was writing to you, anyhow. Where was I? Oh yes.

And they thought no one knew it."

You remember Mrs. Russell Harding? That rather stout, blonde woman whose husband was in the railroad business, president of three or four roads or something like that, with such very light hair that everybody used to ask Ella Daughaday who her blond-haired friend was—that was before the Hardings lived on Lindell boulevard and got into society—only anybody with half an eye could have seen that Mrs. H. never heard of peroxide or that kind of dope—well, as I said, she came back to visit last week—they live in Cincinnati now—and I trotted right down to call. You always want to keep in with railroad people, Jane. You never know when you may find it handy to touch them for passes to California or the Gulf Coast.

I sent up my card and then stumbled round in that dark hall of the Southern just outside the big parlors. It was four o'clock and as black as night. Now don't get excited right here and do any guessing on your own account, for you may as well know at once that Mrs. Harding is not the lady, nor her husband isn't either. For she is a perfect lady and so's Mr. Harding. But anyhow, she wasn't in, so I just sat down after the bellboy came back, to collect my thoughts and to see if I had change enough to buy a horse's neck downstairs in the cafe, when my eye, roving gently and idly in the direction of the parlor, stood transfixed on the very threshold. That is, of course, my eye didn't, but—oh, bother take it! you know what I mean. You see I was sitting right so as I could look into the big mirror that hangs in front of a sofa, and on that sofa—Jenny darling, do you really think you can stand any more? If not, you may sit down on

the sofa, but select your own please, for this particular article of furniture that I mention had two occupants already, lady and gent.

They were closer together than—than anything, and the gent was a-holdin' of the lady's hand and her head was a restin'—can't you guess where? And just as I caught a real good look at 'em both, he did, he up and kissed her, and he took his own time about it, too. And then, Jane, when I was just pinching myself to keep from squealing out loud, for I knew the man immediately, they stood up, and he kissed her again, and then they strolled out the other door and walked down the marble stairs exactly as if the lady was the heroine of that puzzle picture of Gibson's—"find the girl who has been saluted twice in the past five minutes."

They were so engrossed that they never even looked in my direction. Of course, you know the man, as well as I do. He's not much over thirty, has a foreign name, is called a terrible flirt, is married, with a raft of small children, neither blonde nor brunette, but half way, with smooth nice complexion—reputed a handsome dog, does some divine music stunts when he's requested, and has lived in St. Louis since the day he was born—the lady I have seen often and often, but for the life of me, I can't remember her name—she is tall and kind of willowy and slender and sort of the Nellie Tracy type, or the Virginia Clardy style, only for goodness' sake, don't think it was either of those two girls. I'm sure they're both too well-bred to accept kisses either from gentlemen, or jeweled breast-pins, be they ever so humble—the gents I mean. She had on a clinging kind of black dress, and a black hat—and might have been in mourning.

I've just had an idea! What if it was Bessie Finney telling her last good-bye to the man before she marries John Douglas next week. Dear me! have I said anything wrong? You needn't get so huffy, Jane, love, over a feeble joke like that. Of course, I know it wasn't Bessie.

Saw Adele Hart driving in the park this aft. For a wonder, she had a girl with her. Adele has more pocket money and spends less of it for other people than any girl in town. She never entertains, and the Harts have got the biggest house in Westmoreland, pretty near—and perfect slathers of muni. But Adele does wear good gowns. She is Giuseffi's best customer.

Mrs. Billy Bagnell—now, I know perfectly well nobody ever called him Billy before, but don't you

think it fits him?—is also on the tight wad list, when it comes to large crush receptions and small dinners that cost more than they appear to, during the soup course. Mrs. B. has never given but one blow-out since I've been back from school, and that was kind of forced on her when Lonnie Stephens and his wife moved down from Jefferson City. Mrs. Stephens used to have Mrs. Bagnell up at the mansion all the time, to kind of give tone to things, I guess, and so when Mr. S. became "Ex," and they bought a house in Cabanne, it was Mrs. B.'s turn to move. Everything that time was up to the scratch, though, but we never got another dose. Guess Billy couldn't stand the pressure. And I don't blame him much. What good are big feeds like afternoon receptions, anyhow? Give me small dinners, a cook like Captain Frank Rice's, a few choice spirits—entirely intellectual I mean, with Mrs. Harvey Mudd across the table, where I can feast my eyes on her classic features every time I munch a salted almond, with Mrs. Dan Houser in easy range, so I can hear her unctuous laughter, with Florence Hayward not too far away, but just far enough so the personal pronoun in her real funny stories misses me once in a while; and with some nice boy like Henry Garneau on my right to keep me amused, and some deep thoughtful chap like Ralph McKittrick on my left to preserve the balance. Isn't that ideal?

Dan Catlin, Jr., needs a new suit of spring clothes—fall clothes would do—any kind of clothes would do and look about sixty per cent better than the duds I saw on him the other day. These were a rusty blue serge, about the vintage of '96, I should say, with the pants—yes, they were genuine pants, for nothing so near the high-water mark could ever be called trousers—a coat that had that gentle, timid, shrinking look about the shoulders that tells of frequent soakings in spring showers, and the whole "tout" to correspond. But, there, I ought not to talk so. Poor Dan! Half the time he doesn't know where to get his next meal, I expect.

Say, Jane, you'd be surprised to see Mrs. E. C. Simmons this spring. She's blossomed out like a Dutch hyacinth in a sporty costume of "Alice" blue that fairly made me blink my eyes when I met her walking down Kingshighway the other sunny afternoon. I never could see why elderly women want to stick so eternally to black, anyway, and I felt like clapping my hands when I saw that most motherly of women. Wish her sons were half as nice. Don't believe that Wallace had enough spankings when he was little.

Did I write you that Louise Espenschied was going to be a bridesmaid for Elsie Ford? 'Tis even so, my Janelets. Louise better cut off on the bridesmaid stunt, if she's going to wear a tulle veil herself some not far distant day. It's unlucky to be bridesmaid more than seven times. But don't wonder that the brides want her in their parades, for she's awfully handsome and stylish and always agreeable and will make "alterations to suit the customer" every time, and that's straight. It's no spring poem, pleasing all one's bridesmaids when it comes to choosing their costumes, Jane, and they say that Frances Johnson had the very dickens of a time getting them all fixed and happy. She wanted hats, for it is a church wedding, and half of them agreed and the other half were dead against anything but short veils. The hats won.

Speaking of Louise Espenschied, makes me think of Bob Kaime and what a surprise you will get when

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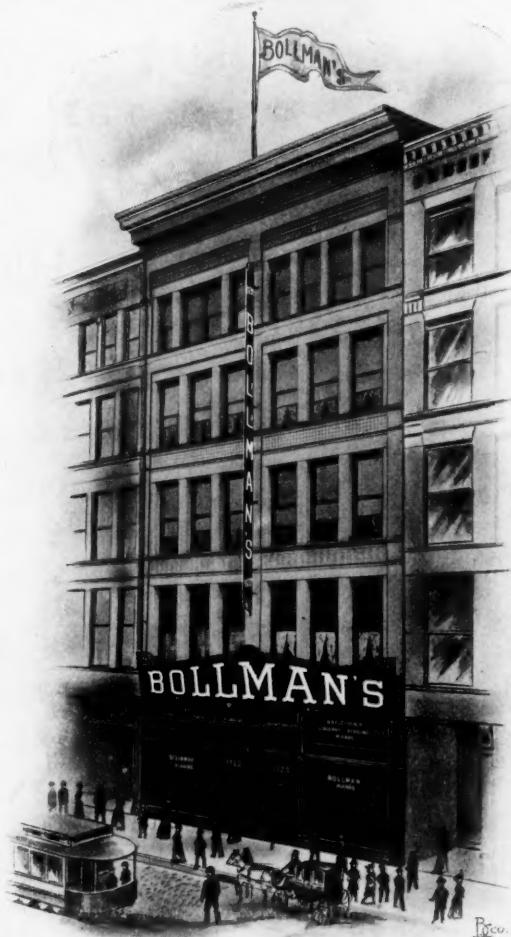
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I tell you that he is engaged to a girl we never even dreamed he thought of marrying. She is a Miss Zoe Solari, which sounds very Neapolitan, only she comes from New Orleans. Was here during the Fair and Bob got in some heavy work, though nobody suspected. She is not a beauty at all, if I can judge by the atrocious picture that appeared in the *Post-Dispatch*, but is wealthy beyond the dreams of avarice—don't that sound good, Jane? And very quiet and studious-like and—well the very kind of a girl you'd think Bob would steer straight away from. Which goes to prove that the most unlikely things are likely to happen, if you only wait long enough—such as one of those tall Sproule girls entering into the holy bonds of matrimony; or Julia Maffitt training down to a hundred and ten pounds; or Judge Harvey taking somebody else besides that pretty blonde widow to the theater; or Mrs. Gen. George H. Shields forgetting for ten minutes that she belongs to the D. A. R.'s; or the Eddie Preetoriuses taking a six-months'-old orfling to raise; or George Weitzel capturing the heiress concerning whom he has long cherished hopes; or the daily newspapers stopping publication of Miss Adele Armstrong's portrait, which now appears weekly in some one of them; or Mayor Wells making the downtown storekeepers sweep their sidewalks thrice per diem;

or the big dry goods stores, all except Scruggs, trusting their delivery boys with a few small change when they bring a ten-cent package to the front door and all we have is a five-dollar bill.

✦

Bully weather for golf, Jenny dear, and so, of course, Papa Stickney's troubles have begun. You know what a time he has to make the erratic Stewart sell cigars when there's golfing to be had, and though usually very indulgent, he has been heard to grow positively forceful in barring "games" in business hours. At such times sly Stewart showed his two horse-teeth (has it ever occurred to you how many youths of this type have two horse-teeth) as a sign of respectful acquiescence, until papa's back was turned—then, ho for the fair green and hell in the morning. The touch of Hades was inevitable, unless, perchance, papa perused a complimentary account of Stewart's truant performance in his morning paper with the Stickney name in headlines, when yesterday's defection was ignored on the ground that it advertised "the business" better than a dozen saloon window signs. However, the cubby Arthur is also to be reckoned with in this line, and will prove a better golf-business-card than Stewart through that very imperturbability that used to afford you so

much amusement. But families are queer when you know them, and Mildred's stubbornness and Arthur's leaden calm about counterbalance Stewart's "quitting" and Taylor's "nerves." Will you ever forget our sensations in that box at the Horse Show a couple of years ago when we saw Taylor weeping—no, blubbering—because the judges gave that Gentry colt of his the gate?

✦

But speaking of family failings and golf reminds me of Jamie Brookmire. You know that Jamie is a snob—as he very frankly admitted to me in a little tiff we once had during a round of golf in the infant days of the game here—but that's an old story, to you. Well, Jamie, finally bestowed himself on Annie Kennard—you know I have always said that I considered dear Mrs. Kennard the best type of an instinctive gentlewoman—and with her marriage poor Annie's nose, which had always had a suspicious tilt, "soared in the empyrean." The reason for this *hauteur* was not plain, but we had given up Annie. any way, and there was Mary. Good, old, level-headed, freckled-faced Mary! I pinned my faith to Mary. who, I believed, would be such another broad, simple, sweet woman as her mother. But Harry Wallace proving persisent, Mary followed An-

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nie to the altar—and into the empyrean. Just why Mary felt called upon to emulate Annie's disdain, I cannot explain, except that Harry is like Jamie, and Brookmires are like Wallaces.

❖

But Mary had a little lamb-like friend who followed her to Sunday-school (this is not a Mother Goose letter—I'm only switching families), and St. John's Church and home to dinner afterwards. I don't think you knew her well, but May Dillon was really a nice girl, somewhat handicapped by a mother who never let her forget that she must "marry well." Mrs. Dillon it was who wrote "A Rose of Old St. Louis," with May as the "Rose," not by half so unblushingly though as she is the heroine of "Her College Days," a would-be anonymous indiscretion of Mrs. Dillon's, committed while she was with May at Smith, and for which May suffered undeserved unpopularity. May has married Ray Carter—a goodish sort is Ray—and has dropped her air of being anxious to please. Really I'm sure she would now positively throw a fit if reminded that her father was a local tailor—a very good tailor—some time ago.

About the same time May's cousin, a prim little school-marm, named Emily Westwood, of whom we

unconsciously thought as a missionary to China, or something of that sort, led Joe Lewis blushing to the altar, and, would you believe it, even little Emily now absurdly tries to assume a lofty bearing, and has the "horrors" at the thought of the little school-room over which she presided so creditably.

❖

Why is it, Jenny, that so few girls become matrons gracefully, and strive to affect to be something different from what they were when they attracted their husbands, who can but respect them less for the change. Why, there is Edith January, and Daisy Sharp (who would even thrill at being mentioned with Edith) Ellen Colliday, Jessamine Barstow—but why be morbid when we have a few Fanita Haywards and Sadie Pierces left? When you come down to bed-rock, Jenny, it's merely a matter of "class," which is a racing term most applicable to people, and which Rolla Wells once defined for me as "a condition not to be estimated by pedigree, but to be determined only by consistently high performance."

❖

I wonder who is the real "class" of St. Louis social "starters?" Obviously not a "starter" at all—hence I'm coming to have a strong fancy for the W.

K. Kavanaugh's, as a couple who could not violate their own gentle sensibilities by growing rich grossly.

❖

But these are Lenten fancies, not calculated to hold your fickle Paris thoughts, so I will forsake them for your favorite jibe, the "college cub." Oh, Jenny, Jenny, are there any *men* in Paris? I am so sick of interminable "frat" patter, horse-teeth and callow compliments that I can almost contemplate the mature charms of "Papa" Tune (ugh!) with toleration. There are Jim and Arthur Wear—nice, soaped, scrubbed and shiny little boys—but they affect the cute, duplicate pose, and hunt so persistently as a pair, that one would be willing to accept their implied apology that it takes both to afford the entertainment of a whole man, were it not that Arthur is an iteration of Jim, and Jim is the reiteration of Arthur, until, before they are around for five minutes I have the sensation of being mentally hammered like a brass plaque, and after I am relieved of their society, I figuratively kick dents out of my nerves for an hour. The Langenberg twain are just as bad, though they have had time to get over it. However, there's Walter McKittrick. It must be six or seven years since Walter left Harvard, and yet to-day he takes on golf-

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poses in a ball-room with all the laboriously grotesque grace of a fidgety Freshman. The last time he took his "stance" before me at the St. Louis Club, I really thought that he was going to illustrate his "drive." He humped his shoulders, sank on one leg and twisted the other, and almost tore off his trousers by jamming his fists into their pockets—then, seeming to recollect, he jerked his trousers back agitatedly, rolled his eyes, flapped his jaws and blushed, glassily grinning the while—perhaps to reassure me as to his apparent pain—and gave voice to a series of platitudes that would have shamed Henry Potter. Yet Emily Catlin once went on record that he could talk sensibly, but I vow his head is filled with golf balls.

❖

Such nuts for the Mary Institute girls, Jane, darling! They have the juiciest row on that you ever heard of and dear "Grandma" Sears is thinking heavily about stepping down and out, so I hear, though mind you, don't tell anybody that I said so, for you know how I've always just doted on "Grandma." Gladys Smith, who's going to christen the new battleship St. Louis, if they can ever decide whether it's to be beer or White Seal wine.—Of course I can see your disgust, and that of your titled French relatives, Jane, when you even so much as whisper that the hopvine has a show, but if you love your native town, for Heaven's sake don't let on for a second that we can't afford the price. French people get such funny ideas about us, anyway, Lotta Klemm, who was terribly popular with the French Commission last summer, told me some odd things one day that they used to

quiz her about, but of that, perhaps later—anyhow, Gladys said that the fun started with a basket-ball game one Saturday. The two teams from different classes lined up and played pretty close. They had Miss Blank, one of the teachers, to umpire. Miss Blank ought to have learned a few from the sad, sad history of base ball umpires, and refused to act unless compensated with government bonds or shares in the Bank of Commerce or something nice and expensive, like that, but she wotted not wot she was up against, I guess, and so she umpired. Of course she had to give the game to one team, so she picked out the most likely one and said they'd won. Well, maybe they had. Gladys doesn't play, and so she didn't care, but she said the team that didn't win fell into pieces, the girls were so mad. They called Miss Blank a mean, hateful old thing, and—the customary expressions of polite society on such heartfelt occasions, and then they all sat down in the Gym, and had a grand old cry. Miss Blank was mad, but she stuck to her decision, the way they always have to do, until somebody throws a brick, and then everybody in the grand staid gets arrested, only, of course, nothing so common as that happened. But just wait till I tell you—the next morning when the first class to recite in Miss Blank's room went down with their algebras or their French copy books, I forget which, there, Jane, written straight across the blackboard was this sentence—a la Rudolph, hey?

"Miss Blank is a awful cheat." (Miss B. doesn't teach grammar. Jane.)

Well, you can just bet your boots off that there

was trubbul, and large kinds of trubbul, too. "Grandma" was given a hurry-up call, and he came on the jump. He searched every girl in the room for concealed chalk or similar terrible things, and delivered some hot stuff oratory that peeled the plastering right off'n the walls. "Grandma" was excited, and so was everybody else. But nothing happened, Jane, positively and unmistakeably, nothing. G. Sears couldn't find out who "done the deed," and he hasn't. up to date. Corse there are suspects, but that counts for nit. Mighty hard proposition, eh? and so I guess "Grandma" thinks, for he can't expel a whole bunch of Berlin avenue ante-buds and Westmoreland place spring beauties, so it is rumored that he may expel himself.

❖

It's nip and tuck, Jeannette, so the girls tell me, between Anna Force and Lucy Campbell for Dempster Godlove as a "steady." The two girls are still speaking affectionately to each other, but Demp. is on the fence high and dry, and is praying for a good, strong breeze to blow him off on one side or the other. Lushy a eke s'gus dur 'ooj 'guykoo-pooos os s'eh angel—oh, I don't mean that his voice is the tiniest bit husky, Jane, but his shoulders are—only, of course, he doesn't sing with his shoulders—Hang it all! What kind of Easter garters are you going to wear, Jane?

Say, that reminds me, I heard a jolly tale the other day concerning—it was either Tudor Wilkinson or Herbert Morgan or one of those fat boys—we were speaking of both of 'em, and I can't remember—may-

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THE ROYCROFTERS,

East Aurora, Erie County, N. Y.

be it was Tude—anyhow, he went to take a Turkish with some of the fellows the other night, and—lean over this way. Jane, while I whisper softly—and there, way up high on his left arm was a lovely pale blue silk garter, the round kind, you know, with a big bow of baby ribbon and a spray of forget-me-nots, and Tude—if it was Tude—yanked it off quicker than Jack Robinson, but not so quick but the man who told the man's sister who told me, saw it. But that's the first time I ever knew, Jane, that one of those "correct feminine measurements" that we are always reading about in *Outing* or some other hygienic journal is, that the size of her—ahem! young Jersey (isn't that neat, Jenny Wren?)—must equal the size of her best young man's left biceps. There's an elasticity about this story that will impress you, dearest, I'm certain.

The Woman's Club at last got some sort of a rustle with itself—suppose I ought to say herself—and gave a blow-out last Saturday. Think I wrote you that the younger members have been rowing all winter because they hadn't any functions that called for a display of good clothes, and that their seniors in this club business were holding out and trying to salve

them over with bridge and the usual weekly table d'hôte luncheons and that sort of truck. Anyhow, it was up to Salees Kennard to do something, so she wired Herbert Witherspoon, who lives in New York, to come West and sing for the heathen.

Herbie came. As a swell dresser Herbie can occupy a front pew any day in the week, Sundays included.

Mrs. Will Gregg—she was that pretty, rosy-cheeked Lily Kurtzeborn, you remember—and Mrs. Max Kotany told me all about the musicale, as I was laid up with a light blue attack of the grip—which I caught from wearing my new thin gray suit too soon—it's a stunner. Jane, and no mistake—must be just like Mrs. Franklin Ferris', if the *Globe-Democrat* descriptive editor's facts do not prevaricate—but I happened to meet those two matrons at the Country Club on Sunday, where we all had to go for a cherry-bounce or something invigorating, as the soda fountains shut up. Jane, what do you think now of your pet, Joseph Folk? Well, as I said, the musical came off in great style. Salees ran the thing and made a speech introducing the singer, who looked lovely in a light buff vest and a dove-gray Prince Albert coat, vastly becoming to his complexion, and fitting him

as none was e'er fit—fat—fought—before. This costume was accompanied by a few equally dove gray trousers, some slight contraction of the facial muscles, especially on the high notes, when he smiled widely (no, not wildly. Jane, don't misunderstand me so often), and a chic little mustache much turned up on one side—and also on the other. Seasoned to taste. Herbie must have been a dream, think you not so, Gentle Jane?

The Kotany-Gregg report didn't say how he sang, but I guess it came up to the standard, for the Woman's Club does know what's what on lines artistic and beautiful.

Everybody turned out, and Lily and Mildred just raved over the new hats—they say Lenore Scullin Clark wore a black confection with a high crown that looked like the leaning tower of Pisa; and that Bascome, whose Christian name is Western, though he'd be a success even in the East, was the only male "among those present." Mr. Bascome's wife is down in Washington, D. C., having a lovely time with the D. A. R.'s, and so what else was the poor man to do? Anyhow, they said Grace Nicolls looked perfectly dandy, the way she always does—I think she's the best-groomed woman in town after Nannie Johnson.

Ready-to-Wear Garments

Large shipments of the latest models have been arriving the past few days. These make their appearance to-day. In addition, several desirable lots at less than regular prices.

Everything for Summer Wear is Now in Stock.

WALKING SUITS.

Eton, Refer, Blouse and Three-quarter styles, in Voile, Etamine, Serges, Mohair and Coverts,
\$23.50, \$27.50 to \$100.00.

SHIRT-WAIST SUITS OF SILK.

Large assortments of new models in plain and fancy Taffetas, Pongees and Novelty Silks,
\$22.50 to \$50.00.

FANCY WASH GOWNS.

White and colored Organdies, fancy nets, Batiste, Lawns, Dotted Swisses, Cotton Etamines,
\$25.00 to \$100.00.

WALKING SKIRTS.

Latest models in Taffeta, Voile, Panama Cloth, fancy mixtures, English Tweeds and Mohairs,
\$7.00 to \$25.00.

SHIRT-WAIST SUITS

of Wash Materials. Simple dresses to wear around the house. Plain and fancy Lawns, Dotted Swiss, fancy Organdies, Irish Linens, plain and embroidered,
\$5.50 to \$30.00.

FANCY SILK GOWNS.

New models for street wear, in plain and Chiffon Taffetas, Pongees, fancy Checks and Stripes, showing many new skirt features,
\$30.00 to \$110.00.

TAILOR-MADE FRENCH HAND-EMBROIDERED SUITS.

Extremely fashionable this season. We are showing quite a large selection in various styles of Hand-Embroidered Suits, with short Eton and Bolero coats.....\$47.50 to \$100.00

WOMEN'S COATS AND JACKETS.

Half-length Coats, made of Black Taffeta—plaited front yoke, semi-fitted back, collar or fancy black braid, full pouch sleeves.
\$27.50.

Ulsters, made in Mohair, Peau de Sole and Pongee Silks; colors, tan, green, blue and black; made loose and half-fitting back, new full sleeve; suitable for automobile, traveling or driving,
\$12.50 to \$65.00.

KIMONAS, DRESSING SACQUES AND WAISTS.

Cotton Crepe Kimonas, with Persian borders, in pink, light blue, red, heliotrope and black,
\$1.50, \$2.25, \$2.50 and \$4.50.

Oriental Silk Kimonas, \$7.50, \$12.50 and \$15.00.

White lawn and Swiss Tea-gowns, \$16.50, \$25.00 and \$27.50.

Short Taffeta Blouses, made with yoke and full shirring, made collarless, full sleeves, trimmed with fancy braid,
\$20.00.

Tan Covert Jackets, made loose, box, semi-fitting, tailor-made coat, collar or collarless effect, new leg-o'-mutton sleeve, silk lined—all lengths, prices from
\$7.50 to \$37.50.

Kimonas and Dressing Sacques of white lawn, with pink, light blue, red and black figures,
\$1.00, \$1.15, \$1.50 and \$2.00.

Black Silk Kimonas at \$5.00 \$15.00 and \$16.00.

China Silk Waists white and colors, \$5.50, \$6.00, \$7.50 and up to \$20.00.

NEW HOSIERY.

Fine Gauze Lisle Hose. All the new colorings to match the shoes. Red, navy, green, tan, browns, grays, champagne and white; plain embroidered front, lace ankles; lisle and silk hose. Highest grades, covering many varieties, from
50c up to \$3.00 a Pair.

CHILDREN'S HOSIERY, Socks and Long Hose; Novelties in white, pink, blue, red, tan, champagne and black; special displays to-day
25c up to \$3.00 a Pair.

COLORED EMBROIDERED HAND-KERCHIEFS.

Quite a departure from the customary plain white Handkerchiefs. Dainty colored borders—some have borders embroidered—others have embroidered designs all over.

The designs are so delicately arranged that the idea has been instantly accepted. Tiny Forget-Me-Nots in their natural colors; bowknots, clusters, lilies, etc., all very attractive. Some with Lace Edges, others plain.

Without lace edge25c to \$2.00
With lace edge25c to \$3.00

Scruggs Vandervoort & Barney

Both those girls never have an eyelash out of place, and this without being prim and fussy, either, and that there was a terrible commotion in the rooms when Mrs. Ezra Linley ushered in that very new bride about whom the papers have said so much—Mrs. Clay Jordan, who was a Miss Rankin, lived at the Southern Hotel for years, and married just whom she darned pleased. Lily Gregg says she—Mrs. J.—isn't a bit older either, but wears her hair all fluffed round her ears and affects white. Mrs. Tom Crouch was there, in a ponderous velvet of ashes-of-roses and a diamond sunburst so big that it put out the ball-room lights, and they told me that Mrs. Thomas O'Reilly had taken off her mourning and wore a delicate purple hat that vastly became her. Somebody, who was at the Inaugural, said that Mrs. O'Reilly gave General Young his conge, good and hard, down in Washington, and I hope it's true. Not that I wish the General anything so sad, but we can't lose that dear lady just yet.

Mrs. Blakesley Collins was there—she's getting an awful frown between her eyes; and May Scott West, looking as thin as a shadow, but very pretty, nevertheless, came with Ella Cochran Sluder, whose new white coat fitted her as if it had been made for Schumann-Heink—and really Ella isn't stout at all—Mildred said her hat was a peach—all of pink roses, and that Mrs. Cochran, who was also with Ella, had one something like it, and looked like a girl herself. Don't you wish you'd been home to go, Jane, with all this excitement I'm telling you?

Jenny, do you remember that little blonde, Mrs. Roach, whom you met in Chicago—the pretty wife of William Roach, who runs all those theaters up there? You know she was a great social favorite, but her hubby was jealous—same old story. "You've heard of hubbies just like that before," (in the language of the Rogers Brothers). I saw her and Carleton, the leading man in the Odeon Stock down at Jefferson Barracks with Captain Cannon last Sun-

day morning, having breakfast. What I want to know is, are they engaged, this widow—for she's divorced now—and Mr. Carleton? They're both popular with a lot of our boys, Jane, and it looks like a sure tip in the matrimonial exchange. By the way, Jenny, he's handsome as a blonde, Greek, god, and she's a little, golden-haired, Anna Held (in looks only), who is "just as high as his heart."

Speaking of art reminds me that Mrs. Fred Noller, that plump and Juno-eyed widow, has been buying some fine pictures lately, the works of great contemporary Frenchmen and Hollanders, and she's been buying them here, instead of going to New York. She's partial to Henner and Israels and Roybet, and she's a frequent visitor to the Noonan & Kocian exhibitions, just as is Mrs. Tom McCormack, who was that stylish and pretty Mrs. Lindsley, of Chicago. Mrs. Tom goes in for etchings and pays fancy prices for the best. She has some exquisite Whistlers. She, too, buys in St. Louis exclusively, ordering through the local house in New York or London or Paris, and allowing the local house to make the profit. This, I think, is a very commendable form of local patriotism, and civic pride. Don't you?

You remember Don Rodgers, who was, for so long, the only society man in politics, and was the sweetheart of so many girls who up and married somebody else even almost while he was serenading them with his mandolin. Well, Don is getting even with the fellows who romped off with his girls. He's gone into the jewelry business in the Holland Building, and is selling gems and artistic gold work to the aforesaid ladies—at his own prices. The men who stole his sweethearts, of course, have to pay the bills, and Don has ghoulish glee when he gets their cheques and puts them in the bank. You see the fellows want Don to see that they are liberal. But while J. L. D. R. is quite successful, he is not quite happy, for I'm told that the striking Celtic beauty out on Chamberlain avenue, who last held his heart

in chains, is engaged to marry some soldier out at Leavenworth, while her sister, another little beauty, has forgotten the young South Side grain man on 'Change and is also very much epris of a soldier man whom she met at the World's Fair. Still, Don may cheer up. He will provide the jewels for brides and bridesmaids, and all the friends of the girls will order their presents of him—just to make him feel bad. Poor, but rapidly growing rich, Don; if he were to have a reunion of his ex-sweethearts it would be a distinguished assemblage of matrons big enough to fill the Coliseum, and then have an overflow meeting on Twelfth street. Don, you know, looks more like the Gibson man than any boy in town, and he has artistic tastes which make his jewelry designs quite notable. Still, it's funny to have a fellow take you off in a corner at a reception as if he was going to make love to you, and then show you a ring or a La Valliere, and quote you figures on it.

You should have been here, Jin, to see Sue Williams—she's a sister of Jesse Lynch Williams, the short story writer—at the Contemporary Club, when James Metcalfe of *Life* told 'em his troubles about the Theatrical Trust. She's tall and willowy, and she walks like she was on a tight rope, and her hair is just every which way, and she was in a shrimp pink plain gown that—well, the whole business made her look like a weirdness as of a Burne-Jones-Rosetti maiden "off watch." She was the one touch of unique color in the gathering, and a startlingly piercing note in the group at the first table, where sat the guest of the evening, with his piquant wife in gray who was that fascinating actress Bessie Tyree. Sue Williams looked about ninety-seven times more theatrical than the famous actress—very postery and picturesque to the extreme. A three-color print of her would make a fine summer number cover for *Life*.

Well, no more for your budget this week. I'm done up.

So not another word will you get to-day.

From that bad bird, your own BLUE JAY.



TWO OF Fashion's Favored Fashions

The 3-Button Single-Breasted Sack Suit (shown at left).

And the 3-Button Double-Breasted Sack Suit (shown at right).

The first style we're scissoring mostly from Gray Angora Worsteds (the distinctly new Worsted-Flannel), Gray "Princeton" Worsteds and Continental Blue Serges. All are imported fabrics—all eminently suitable for the "easy-going," something that lingers around this single-breasted style—all "work up" smoothly and richly under the tailor's needle.

\$35 is a favorite, but the price-range begins at \$25 and doesn't stop until \$50 has been reached.

The second style makes up swaggerly of "Quaker Gray" Serges (the hard, non-shining cloth), "Shepherd Plaid" Worsted-Cheviots and "Standish" Gray Saxony Worsteds, and when worn with the white, tan or figured MacCarthy-Evans Dip-Point Waistcoats (one on figure to right) this Double-Breasted Sack style is decidedly impressive.

Again, \$35 is the popular price, and again, you can begin as low as \$25 and soar as high as \$50.

But, friend, it isn't the style nor the goods that "cuts the figure"—it's the cut that "cuts the figure." And better cutting and tailoring talent than MacCarthy-Evans cutting and tailoring talent is not obtainable. If it was, it would be here.



MacCarthy-Evans TAILORING CO.

Opposite to which is the Post Office.
And in which are Phones Main 2647—B 300.

816-820 OLIVE ST.

Venus Kallipyge

By Awbrey Carew

MRS. WILKINSON was a country-born-and-bred woman with a wonderfully symmetrical figure lacked none of the curves, the lines-of-beauty, of which the normal feminine form is made up. City life, into which her husband's business forced her, never separated her from the exercises to which in great part she owed the beauty of her form. From the time her twin daughters, Kalliope and Iphigenia, were five years old she was haunted with the fear that they would grow up to womanhood so shaped that a plumb-line dropped from the back of their heads would fall straight to their heels.

"I could stand it to see my daughters grow up and marry a flat or have to live in a flat, but to see her look flat would just kill me," she used to say. So in addition to their general outdoor and indoor exercises for the whole body, she had special ones directed to the accomplishment of such gluteal development as would banish her haunting fear that her twin daughters would grow up to be young women who looked flat.

In their walks she made them throw the knee back and rise on the toe, lifting the weight of the whole body alternately on either foot for the instant. In their indoor exercises she made them "kick straight back" against a striking bag or pillow or the air. She had a lovely plaster statuette of the Venus Kallipyge for their room and many an hour she spent in pointing out to them its special points of beauty, from the graceful poise of the head turned backward and with drooping eyelids as looking downward the goddess contemplates her own physical perfections, down to her very heels. Mrs. Wilkinson was a classical scholar and read Greek as well as English, and explained to her less proficient girls that *kalli* meant "beautiful" and that as *y* in Greek sounded as *oo*, the latter half of the word was pronounced "pooie" and the accent was on the first syllable of the whole compound word.

After her girls were eighteen years old and were on a certain afternoon entertaining a few girl friends, Mrs. Wilkinson agreed to tell all of them the legend of the temple and statue of Venus of the beautiful "pooie" as it is found in the classic Greek writers. While the bevy of girls sat around doing fancy work, Mrs. Wilkinson thus paraphrased the Greek legend:

"Anciently in the classic land of Greece, the soundness and perfection of the human body were so closely

interwoven with the worship of the gods, that there was never a suspicion that the body of man, woman or child was an indelicate sight to look upon. Indeed those who possessing beautiful bodies would have clothed them in order to conceal them, would have been looked on as we would now look on one who constantly put his most beautiful flowers in the cellar as soon as cut. A beautiful human body, male or female, was simply regarded as one of the myriad expressions of the principle of Beauty in the universe, and dress was arranged so as to reveal, not conceal, in all thankfulness to Hercules or Venus as the case might suggest.

"There lived in those days in Greece, a man with two beautiful daughters. Loving sisters as they generally were, there arose between them on a certain afternoon, a warm dispute over the question of which one had been endowed by Venus with the most beautiful "pooie." As neither would grant the claim of the other to pre-eminence, the dispute waxed warm until it was little less than a quarrel, when the younger, seeing a handsome youth passing by, proposed to her sister that they call him in as umpire and put the matter entirely in his hands. With the frankness characteristic of that wholesome age of the world, they put the youthful judge in possession of the evidence

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COOK "The Modern Way" WITH GAS

The day of the Coal Stove is passing—

The day is not far distant when every family in reach of a gas main will cook with gas. This is not theory, but fact. Last year we sold 15,448 gas ranges. We have already purchased 16,000 ranges for this spring's business. We will sell many more. We sold 750 ranges during the six days of last week alone. These are simply some figures to show that people are awake to the advantages of gas—that they are thinking—that they are buying gas ranges—buying home comfort—and buying it at less cost than the drudgery they are discarding.

YOU

SHOULD PUT A GAS RANGE IN your kitchen. The prices were never before so low, nor the terms so

NOW

easy. The cost shall not stand between you and gas range comfort; and we know nothing else can. Order a 16-in. gas range for \$15.00. Pay for it \$3.00 with order, balance \$1.00 monthly with gas bill.

The Laclede Gas Light Co.

716 LOCUST STREET

necessary to make the decision. With the courage of a mind conscious of its own rectitude, after due consideration, he decided in favor of the elder sister. The other cheerfully acquiesced and once more harmony prevailed between the two lovely sisters.

"But alas for the youthful arbiter!" He went home haunted by the vision of beauty, and love for the maiden mastered him. He could neither eat nor sleep and bade his father go at once and negotiate with the maiden's father so that he might make her his wife. In vain the father told him of other maidens, less well endowed with beauty it is true, but with much larger dowries. He would have none of them, and declared solemnly to his father that unless the maiden whose charms had won him would be his wife he would pine away and die, and the wrath of Venus would fall upon the household surviving him. Reluctantly the father negotiated the alliance and the day for the nuptials was set.

"But the father had another son, who on hearing of the judgment of his elder brother, went to see the sisters and fell in love with the younger as violently as had his brother with the elder, and gave his father rest neither night nor day until he had negotiated with the father of the maidens and arranged for the two weddings to take place at one and the same time. So the two brothers married the two sisters. And they took care to sacrifice doves to Venus that they might win her own favor and get her to influence some of the other gods in their behalf.

"The powerful influence of Venus with Pluto, Mercury, Ceres and others of the gods was apparent in a little while. Their fields were fruitful, their crops unfailingly heavy, their cattle increased. Stalwart sons and beautiful daughters were born of the wives

of both brothers. The gratitude of the two brothers and sisters found expression in the building of the "Temple of Venus Kallipyge," one of the most celebrated of all the temples in Greece in the classic age. The children in turn grew up, married and had children and so on downward through many generations, and all handed down the tradition of their foreparents, and as these later generations spread to other parts of Greece they gratefully erected duplicates of the first beautiful Temple of Venus Kallipyge. And thus the Venus Kallipyge came to be of equal fame and favor with that goddess under any of her other forms and in any of her other temples in all the land of Greece."

Thus ending her story, Mrs. Wilkinson was silent. Looking up from her fancy work, Olga Johnson said, "Mrs. Wilkinson, I am not acquainted with the Greek language and so I am dying with curiosity to know what part of the body the Hellenes meant by the word 'poogie.'"

Looking over at her, Gwendolen Richardson asked, "haven't you seen the statuette of Venus Kallipyge in the girls' room upstairs?"

"No," answered Olga. "Well, if you had you would hardly need to ask that question," added Gwendolen.

Mrs. Wilkinson's mind was wandering back to classic times in Greece; there was a far-away look in her eyes as she said musingly, "The 'poogie' comes in the door last."

Leroy Beaulien in his famous work entitled "Israel Chez Les Nations," in defense of the Jews, says that for four hundred years certain Jewish families in Spain professed Christianity, but secretly kept their own faith and practice. It is true that it is no man's business to criticise women's fashions, except from the

point of view of health, but one with half an eye must be led to suspect that Venus Kallipyge still has her votaries down to our own times, as witness the close-hauled "spanker-boom" style and the incoming "capital S" figure.

♦ ♦ ♦

The Economic Situation

By Francis A. House

SINCE the beginning of the year 1905, there has been a steady and marked expansion in financial, commercial and industrial activity. This expansion and betterment of economic conditions was but the natural outcome of economic conditions was but the natural outcome of terized the manifestations of economic life in this country since the summer of 1902. The protracted period of severe liquidation and moderate business contraction in the latter part of 1902, all through 1903, and the first three months of 1904, had set free an enormous amount of money which had previously been tied up in risky and unstable speculative ventures.

Towards April, 1904, there began to be noticed a slowly developing investment demand for the better class of stocks and bonds, then quoted at unusually tempting prices. Foreign capitalistic interests, recognizing the great rare opportunities for investment on this side of the Atlantic, freely co-operated with domestic investors in accelerating this movement of absorption. Even at the present time, and in spite of all the sharp appreciation that has taken place in

the value of our securities, foreign investors are still disposed to increase their holdings by purchasing first-class issues which they consider to be destined to sell at much higher quotations before a great while, as a result of this country's increasing economic strength and resources.

Only the other day, announcement was made that German and Swiss bankers had arranged to purchase \$17,000,000 of Colorado Southern Railway 4½ per cent refunding bonds. There has likewise been organized a French banking society, which is to devote itself exclusively to the placing of American securities among French investors, who had hitherto fought rather shy of such investments.

The plethora of investment funds was particularly notable in the last six months of 1904, and in January and February of the current year. New York banks found themselves practically glutted with loanable money. Wall street speculators could obtain all they wanted at 2 per cent, and even less. In fact, it is well known that millions of dollars used to be lent out at 1 per cent. It was this remarkable, though perfectly natural ease in money rates which stimulated investment inquiry still further, until it exerted itself even in shares and bonds which are commonly considered highly speculative.

The railroad companies, noticing the plenitude of loanable funds, applied for, and obtained, some very large loans, and at rates materially below what they were forced to pay a year or two ago, when a railroad company of such high financial standing as the New York Central was compelled to pay from 5 to 6 per cent for temporary accommodation, while other companies found it utterly impossible to obtain money at anything less than money-shark rates.

Various municipalities also took advantage of the improved borrowing opportunities, and it is known that there are now any number of industrial concerns diligently striving to replenish their somewhat depleted coffers. In the course of time, and, barring a sudden tightening of the purse-strings, this demand for loans will doubtless increase still more. American corporations have grown so fixed in their habit of capitalizing improvements and additions to equipment that they will not scruple to obtain a portion of the volume of funds seeking investment channels.

The monetary relaxation furnished the main impetus to the movement of expansion. Next to it in importance was the remarkable improvement in the iron and steel trade, which was facilitated by the wise policy of producers in keeping prices down to a level courting enlarged consumption. At this writing, pig iron production is of unprecedented proportions; records are being broken right along. There's good reason to predict that the 2,000,000-ton-a-month rate will be touched within the near future. Renewed industrial enterprise, which manifests itself, especially in railroad and building work, is keeping the great iron and steel manufacturing industries in full blast of activity. Pittsburg authorities believe that there will be no decrease in orders worth speaking of until well along the latter part of summer.

Iron having always been regarded as the most reliable index to the Nation's economic position, the speculative community on the stock exchanges concluded that there was full justification for engineering a boom in the prices of securities. This new-born spirit of optimism began to assert itself boldly and unmistakably after the recent Presidential election, and was, at times, endowed with aggressive zest and domineering strength, and particularly so when a multiplicity of rumors and stories was set afloat in regard to the final upshot of the long-standing Northern Securities controversy. This company, representing a gigantic merger of railroad lines in the

Northwest, having been declared illegal by the Federal Supreme Court, is at present engaged in winding up its affairs and in distributing its assets among the Hill-Morgan and Harriman people, respectively. On account of fanciful calculations regarding the value of these assets, the price of Northern Securities shares has been gyrating in a manner peculiar only to Wall street, their present quotation being somewhere close to 180.

At the same time, considerable talk could be heard of a continuation or intensification of the struggle between the opposing factions, the non-election of Mr. Harriman to a directorship in the Northern Securities Co. being taken as evidence of this irrepressible spirit of animosity. In addition, some of the "wise guys" of the stock exchange indulged in hints of a desperate struggle for possession of the Union Pacific Railway Company, of a proposed consolidation of this and the New York Central and Chicago and Northwestern Companies, all of which stock-jobbing contrivances served to keep buying enthusiasm at the right pitch, and to help along the plans of the innumerable bull cliques. At this writing, Wall street is full of rumors of some kind or other, just as it was four years ago, when the "captains of industry" were playing ducks and drakes with the Nation's available supply of capital. A news item worthy of special notice was that announcing an issue of one hundred million dollars new preferred stock by the Union Pacific. Up to this writing, no explaining explanation of this action on the part of the directors has as yet been made. This, of course, only adds to the piquancy of the conflicting tales concerning the keen rivalry between the Harriman and Hill interests.

All railroad and industrial shares have scored decisive gains in the past twelve months. Union Pacific common has risen from 78 to 136, Baltimore and Ohio common from 75 to 110, Atchison common from 60 to 91, New York Central from 112 to 160, St. Paul common from about 137 to 186, Illinois Central from 132 to 170, United States Steel preferred from 50 to 103 (the highest on record), the common from about 10 to 37, American Locomotive common from 25 to 60, Amalgamated Copper from 35 to 89, Reading common from 40 to 99 and Ontario & Western from 22 to 61. The bond department shows also striking appreciations in prices, Union Pacific, Central of Georgia, United States Steel and Rock Island issues being a few of the notable instances.

What about the future? Judging from present indications, the economic improvement should continue, without any serious setback, throughout the current year, at least, in the absence of crop calamities, ruinous strikes, political difficulties abroad or a renewal of wild bull inflation on the stock exchanges. If conservatism should continue to rule, there need be no particular fear of a monetary pinch, in view of the constantly enlarging production of gold and the general feeling of confidence in the soundness of underlying conditions. Winter wheat conditions are regarded as excellent; railroad earnings continue to expand, and the country's industries are profitably employed. One unfavorable feature is the abnormal shrinkage in our exports of wheat and corn. In the month of March, 1905, wheat had practically disappeared from the list of exports, only 13,000 bushels of the grain having been shipped abroad, the rest, consisting of 732,000 barrels of flour. This should serve as a striking, damning illustration of the baneful effects of high-handed "cornering" tactics on the Chicago Board of Trade.

The placing of Russian and Japanese bonds on this side testified to the wonderful growth in this Nation's financial power and prestige. As a matter of

fact, these securities could not have been placed so successfully but for the enormous absorbing capacity of American investment markets. The Japanese issues were particularly in demand, for reasons that need not be explained.

Thus, taken all around, the people of the United States have ample cause to look forward with serenity and confidence in the future. If their economic position should be weakened or tottering again before a great while, they will doubtless find the cause thereof in the reckless plots and counter-plots, of millionaire speculators, in hair-brained inflation in the prices of securities, commodities and real estate.

Relinquit

By George Ives

PAIN, which is sweet love's shadow,
Steals through my heart to-night;
And the world appears hard and cruel
Though the stars above are bright.

But now I know we are lovers
From the touch of that hidden hand;
Joy comes like the crimson morning,
But love is a twilight-land.

Space and primordial darkness,
The Infinite circles round;
And our souls shrink away in wonder,
But the center of all is found!

When George Went Home

By Bessie L. Russell

NONSENSE, George!" It was Henrietta's voice, and in it was a note of scorn. "One would think you were mad to take such a trip at this season. Going to Michigan would be bad enough, but a Michigan farm in all this snow and ice—really, George, it's ridiculous."

Henrietta was flushing very red indeed, and the rise of color was not becoming to her. To George it seemed unendurable. Yet he endured it. He had schooled himself to Henrietta's moods. Henrietta was one of those positive natures, he said once, who must rule things. Anyhow, she was his wife, and, as wives go, she had not been half bad.

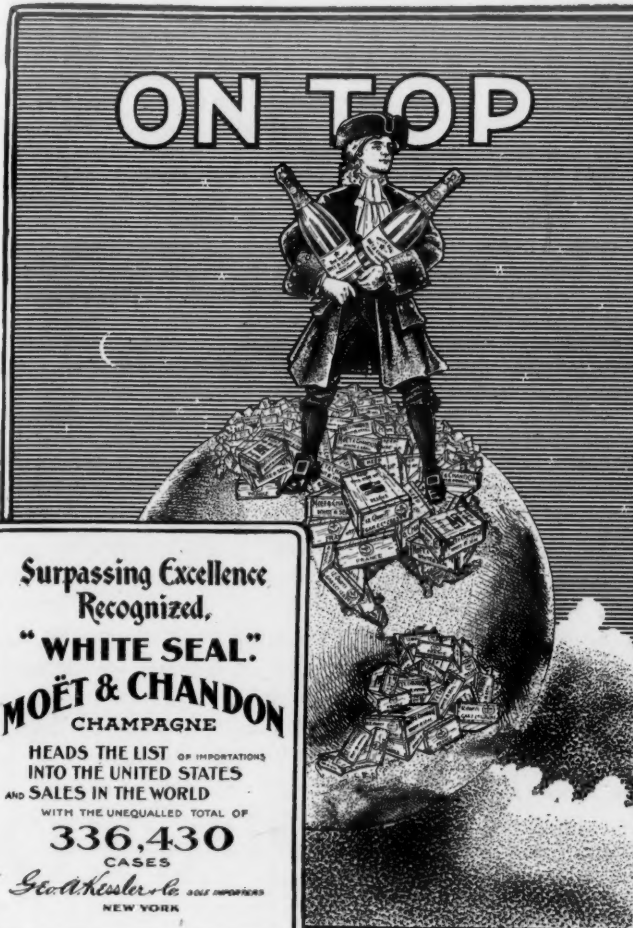
"No, Henrietta," he returned quietly, "You are wrong there. I am not mad, nor am I unbalanced in any way. I—I simply want to—go home. That's all, dear."

"But, George, you know you can't go now—to-morrow noon, as you say. Why, we're to be of Mrs. Jelly's box party at the Olympic to-morrow night and it would be—well, it would be suicidal for us to jeopardize our social interests by not accepting Mrs. Jelly's invitation. Then there is every reason for your forgetting that buried past and living in the present, George. Now, look at me, my dear. Raised on a dog-fennel farm down in Southeast Missouri. But you don't hear me sighing for the dear old cabin home. Not I. I appreciate the power that money and social position have given me, and I wouldn't go back to that simple life again—no, not for anything. I loathe it, George. As for my people, well, they're all very well, in their place, but their place is not mine, and mine's not theirs—so now!"

And Henrietta, in a moment more, was sweeping out of the room, leaving her husband alone with his thoughts. It would be hard to define just what

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thought was uppermost in his mind. To himself, he frankly confessed, that, for once, he was dreaming—he was dreaming of home.

The firelight from the luxurious logs flickered and shone upon the mahogany table with its papers and magazines of every description. It lighted up the shelves upon shelves of rare old books, too, that lined the library whose one note was luxury in the superlative. George loved this library. He loved his magnificent home. It had all been the fruit of his own labors, and he felt a justifiable pride in the fact, yet at this moment he was thinking of that other home that, for twenty-five years, he had promised to return to; that little, white frame home, nestled in the snows of Michigan—that home that had been calling to him in a voice above the rush and din of the Merchants' Exchange, that had been saying, in summer's heat and winter's cold, "Child I fostered you; I want you again, child. I want to see your child."

George had heard this voice calling to him, and many times had he said: "Yes, yes, I'm coming. I mean it. I do want to see you—again." A man may lose everything else in life, but the memory of his boyhood home stays with him.

To George it was more than a memory. He wanted to see his own once more. Of course his parents were gone, but then there was his brother, Silas, and—Caroline. Caroline was Silas' wife. Once he, George, had kissed Caroline, and told her that he loved her, but Silas had won the dark-eyed girl's heart, so Silas it had to be, and the brothers had never quarreled over it. They came of fine old stock, George and Silas; the stock that produces men—rugged, it is true, but men! At first George had written regularly, then as time went on, the letters

home became more infrequent. They almost ceased. George was recalling all this when his wife burst in upon him again, positive and talking.

"What makes it seem more ridiculous, George, is the fact that you don't hear from your folks once in months and months."

"Yes, I know," returned George quickly enough, "but we folks were never much on writing. I have heard my father say that he never wrote but one letter in his life, and that was one too many. Farmers don't make such a feature of the mail. Anyhow, dear, there's nothing in letters. One hand clasp from the one we love is worth a volume of written lines."

The firelight was flickering faintly now; it was going out. It would be that way with him, too, thought George, seriously. The strenuous life was taking from the man more than its rightful share. George was tiring of it all. He longed for surcease.

But yes, he would go—of course he would. No one should dare deny him that; it was his right. "Sedley," he said to the man, who answered his ring, "The brougham, Sedley, for the I. C. train—to-morrow—at noon."

As Mrs. Jelly's box-party were proceeding to make themselves miserable in the most approved box party fashion, one of its expected guests was alighting from an east-bound train at a lonely Michigan cross-road. The man was George, and he was facing the night, and the absence of lights, and the whirling sleet and snow with the heart of a school boy.

"I must confess now," he said to himself softly, "that for a miserable millionaire to be distinctly happy once in twenty-five years is something worth while. I'm glad I came. I know the way, too, over

this part of the country. I know just how many turns in the road there will be before the old house comes in view, and I know how many fences I'll have to jump before I get a chance at the dear old stile." Of course George was taking a short cut through the village to the edge of it, where the farm began.

One by one, the lights of the village, which were straggling and few enough, left him—left him a wanderer and alone. "But that is nothing," said George gleefully. Even a snow storm so late in the spring was not to be lamented. Oh, it was good—it was glorious! Why, the air was as pure as the people up there, and it brought out all that was best in the man. For the time being, it exercised a magical charm over him. In an instant or two he seemed to have jumped back a quarter of a century. There was no million-making St. Louis enterprise, there was no palatial home on a yet more palatial avenue; there was no Henrietta.

He was a boy again. He was wondering, though, how he should break in upon them both—Silas and Caroline. He had not written them he was coming. Well, he would go as a stranger who had lost his way. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said, finally, as, after much ploughing through the snow in the uneven roads, he had succeeded in reaching his destination. "I beg your pardon, sir," he said to the kindly faced man who opened the door, "but am I on the trail to Bradley's?"

"Bradley's, sir—well, I guess you're goin' about a mile out of your way, sir—Bradley's—why, you couldn't reach it in this here storm, if you were to try till sun up. But come in, won't you—come in out of the wet, sir." Then to his wife, he said, "Caroline, fetch this gentleman somethin' warmin'. He looks petered out, and I calculate he feels that way, too."

"Thank you so very much," said George, with a certain tremor in his voice. Silas had not changed as he (George) had. From the firelight he could see that plainly enough, and it was Silas' own good voice that was bidding him make himself "to home."

"No, don't light the lamp, sir, not on my account, any how," said George feelingly. "I—I like the firelight. It's such a relief, you know, to get away from lights—from lights and from noise."

"Then you be from Chicago I take it?"

"Well, I left Chicago two hours ago," returned George, earnestly. "I had hoped to make a connection here with the Canada Trunk Line, but my train was delayed, so I couldn't make it. That was why I wanted to put up at Bradley's."

"There is a train at eleven, though," put in Caroline, softly, as she set a cup of hot coffee before the stranger.

The stranger breathed his thanks. "You are really too good," he said, in a muffled voice. "I never dreamed of a reception like this."

"A stranger and ye took me in," quoted Silas, feelingly.

"Then you haven't banished the Bible in this part of the country?"

"That we haven't," said Silas, convincingly. "Up here we still believe in God, sir. We believe that God sends the sunshine and he sends the rain. He sends the sun, too. My, but that's God's own blanket, sir. This snow now's a fine thing for the wheat."

"Oh yes, the wheat," thought George. How long it had been since he had heard folks talk that way. Then aloud he said: "But awful for gripe. They're dying off in the city like cattle."

"Tain't the weather," returned Silas, positively. "Weather never hurt anybody. All kinds of weather's good. If people's habits were as good as the weather, it wouldn't matter, sir, if it was ten below zero or ninety-two in the shade. No, sir, it ain't the weather; it's the people themselves committin' suicide. We don't have gripe, and we don't have pneumonia. Why, there ain't been a funeral here since Aunt Betsy Allen was buried last fall."

"Aunt—Betsey Allen!" exclaimed George, forgetful of his role. "Great heavens, man, she ain't lived all these years—has she—why, she must have been near a hundred?"

"She was. She was ninety-four," put in Caroline. "But I'll declare, sir, did you know anybody up here—acquainted round these parts?"

"Well, I used to be—when I was a boy," said George, drawing into the shadow and screening his face with his hand.

"Yes, and she'd 'a' been here yet," said Silas, heedful of the interruption, "if that new doctor just come out from Buffalo hadn't persuaded Aunt Betsey she had somethin' or other the matter with her. Soon as I'd seen his buggy hitched to the post, I said to Caroline—Caroline, you remember?—'no hopes now for Aunt Betsey Allen—no hopes now.' But how come you to know Aunt Betsey, sir? Know any more of our town folks, sir?"

"Well, yes. There was Bill Bradley, now, who used to run the hotel. But, of course, he's dead?"

"But of course he ain't," said Silas, warming up to the subject and drawing his chair closer to the interesting stranger. "He's been proprietor for fully thirty years. Along about 60 now—but hasn't missed many days at the register."

"And Bob Randall, who used to—"

"He's still mixin' drinks, sir. Saw him night before last, at church."

"What church?"

"Why, the Baptist church, of course," said Silas, which left no doubt in his listener's mind as to his denominational leaning.

"Who's preaching there now?" asked George, with real interest. "Got some fine, new preacher, I presume?"

"Well, we have for a spell, sir, but Dr. Bremer's goin' to be back with us in a couple of Sundays. He's our old preacher—the one who built our church thirty-five years ago. His hair's as white as cotton, but he keeps on preachin', just the same."

There was an eloquent pause at this point of the conversation, in which George took occasion to glance about the dear, familiar sitting-room—dear from a thousand loved memories. It hadn't changed much. That was evident. Only a new clock, a few rugs and chairs. All else was as if he had left it but yesterday. And things seemed to have the same calm, even tenor they used to have. Why, Caroline had actually gone to "fetch" the cider. She was returning now and was serving it out of glasses that George could have sworn were the identical clumsy, heavy affairs he drank out of twenty-five years ago. They made his heart flutter as it had not fluttered in years. How hard it was for him to play this stranger role, with Caroline's own good cider just too temptingly suggestive of a thousand good old things.

But then he did not touch cider these days. Oh, no, thanks, he couldn't. "It disturbs my digestion," he said, apologetically. "No, thank you—no, I can't—you see."

"Oh, yes, you can," returned good, honest Silas, persuasively. "That's the trouble now with city folks. They study too much about their digestion. Why, I calculate that there ain't a family round here for the space of twenty-five miles but what's got their barrel of cider like they've got their hominy. Cider never hurt anybody."

"Yes, I know. I was country-bred and brought up on cider, you see, but—"

"But what?" returned Silas, interrogatively. "Why can't you drink cider, man? If you liked it once, sir, I take it that you like it now. Why don't you say so, if you do? If you do like hominy and cider, why will you let on that you like terrapin and champagne? Half the people in the world are sick and tired and miserable simply because they're tryin' to be what they ain't."

George wiped his eyes at this. It was so like good, honest Silas, and he knew that it came from the heart. Oh, how would he be able for another single second to keep from shouting it aloud: "Yes, yes, Silas, you are right about it. It's the same blood in my own veins, too! I have tried to swallow the duplicity of swell society-people in the city, but it chokes me every time I do. I can't ever get used to it, I can't. Some day I shall run away from it all—I shall, Silas!"

But he only thought all this. He did not say it. Maybe he would, don't you know, had not the train's whistle reminded him of something.

Caroline must have anticipated him, for she said very gently: "I hate to hurry you, sir, but if that's the train you want, it's in Meadow Creek Valley, and you've got only fifteen minutes to get there."

"Yes, that's the train," echoed Silas, as he arose to help the stranger with his coat.

A wonderful light from the newly replenished fire fell upon Silas's face, and George could bear it no longer.

"Silas," he burst out, with both hands suddenly outstretched. "Don't you know me, Silas?"

"See—here—let me push away this heavy beard. Now, then, so there—Silas, old boy—don't you know me—Silas? Don't you know your brother George?"

Silas wavered as if in doubt. He could not bring himself to believe it—all at once, you see. He must strain his eyes as if for proof.

"George," he cried then, "George—Lord—if it ain't!"

♦ ♦ ♦

The Captive

By Ephraim Mikhael

DO not know for what superb and inexpressible sin the cold Princess is held captive in the hall with the walls of brass. Motionless, and seemingly conscious of the gaze of invisible crowds, sitting upon a throne between two golden chimeras, she languidly contemplates her isle beauty in the mirror of the walls.

But lo! she arises; and her eyes, yet ardent with dreams that her vigils have not driven away, she walks towards the metallic walls. In their transparency she sees, as in a luminous haze of dawn, a vague form, the voluptuous form of a woman with hair dishevelled. Shuddering with supernatural love, murmuring words of welcome, she runs with open arms towards the royal vision. But she has recognized her own splendor, and her nostrils breathe in the hall the perfume of her own flesh. Then, sad and weary, unclasping her robes of purple, she returns to sit and weep between the ironical chimeras.

"I," says she, "ever I."

Around her the hall uplifts its implacable polished walls. No friendly flowers, no ancient armor. Everywhere reflected by the brass, the captive alone adorns her prison.

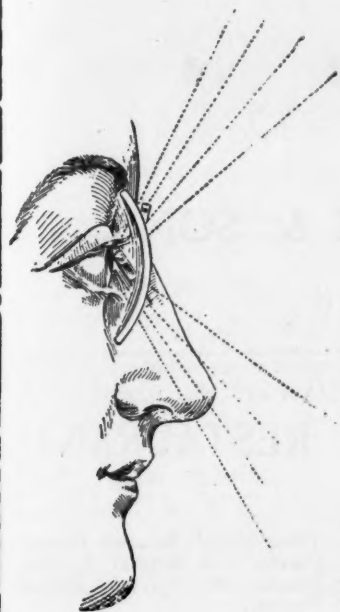
For many hours has she wearied and suffered, the cold Princess guarded by her image. And now she hates herself, now would she fain cover with veils the great mirrors that make of herself her own eternal jailer. Yet a window is open. If from that window she could see the vintagers moving among the vines, or the harvest-girls plunging their arms in the sea of corn, or only—and that alone would be divine—the grave ocean ploughing back furrows in the crepuscular fields, how she would lean out distractedly from her window, and how she would blow long and friendly kisses towards the country in travail!

Alas! the road that passes at the foot of the tower is forever deserted. It has no beginning and no end, and the black trees that border it make the solemn noise of waters flowing towards the ocean. In her sorrow the Princess tears off her vesture; her necklaces, plucked asunder, fall, gem after gem, with a mocking noise; and under the shreds of her torn purple she appears entire in the mirrors that exalt the useless glory of her rich nubility.

At last, however, the door is about to open. If the hour of forgiveness were to sound! If the fair conqueror, armored in light, were to enter! If some lover's voice were to cry: "I come to deliver thee from thyself!"

No, it is a slave who offers rare fruits and precious wines in cups of emerald. And the slave also wears robes of purple; she also allows the heavy gold of her hair to flow on the floor, and even more than a sister she resembles the Princess in body and visage. Moreover, she is good and gentle, and speaks a guttural

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language of the Orient, in which friendly words sound like the cooing of doves.

But in the beauty of the envoy the captive sees only her own beauty, and her words of consolation remind her only of her own voice. And that is why the sorrowful Princess drives away the beautiful loving slave, more cruel even than the mirrors.

Phoebus Apollo

By Guy Wetmore Carryl

HEAR us, Phoebus Apollo, who are shorn of contempt and pride,

Humbled and crushed in a world gone wrong since the smoke on thine altars died;
Hear us, Lord of the morning, King of the Eastern Flame,

Dawn on our doubts and darkness and the night of our later shame!

There are strange gods come among us, of passion, and scorn and greed;

They are throned in our stately cities, our sons at their altars bleed;

The smoke of their thousand battles hath blinded thy children's eyes,

And our hearts are sick for a ruler that answers us not with lies,

Sick for thy light unblemished, great fruit of Latona's pain—

Hear us, Phoebus Apollo, and come to thine own again!

Our eyes of earth grown weary, through the backward ages peer,

Till, wooed by our eager craving, the scent of thy birth grows clear,

And across the calm Ægean, gray-green in the early morn,

We hear the cry of the circling swans that salute the god new-born—

The challenge of mighty Python, the song of thy shafts that go

Straight to the heart of the monster, sped from the loosened bow.

Again through the vale of Tempe a magical music rings

The songs of the marching muses, the ripple of fingered strings!

But this is our dreaming only; we wait for a stronger strain:

Hear us, Phoebus Apollo, and come to thine own again!

There are some among us, Diviner, who know not thy way or will,

Some of thy rebel children who bow to the strange gods still;

Some that dream of oppression, and many that dream of gold,

Whose ears are deaf to the music that gladdened the world of old.

But we, the few and the faithful, we are weary of wars unjust,

There is left no god of our thousand gods that we love, believe, or trust;

In our courts is justice scoffed at, in our senates gold has sway,

And the deeds of our priests and preachers make mock of the words they say!

Cardinals, kings, and captains, there is left none fit to reign.

Hear us, Phoebus Apollo, and come to thine own again!

We have hearkened to creeds unnumbered, we have given them trial and test,

And the creed of thy Delphic temple is still of them all the best;

Thy clean-limbed, lithe disciples, slender, and strong and young,

The swing of their long processions, the lilt of the songs they sung,

Thine own majestic presence, pursuing the nymph of dawn,

In thy chariot eastward blazing, by the swans and griffins drawn;

The spell of thy liquid music, once heard in the speeding year;

These are the things, Great Archer, that we yearn to see and hear,

For beside thy creed untarnished all others are stale and vain!

Hear us, Phoebus Apollo, and come to thine own again!

Monarch of light and laughter, honor, and trust, and truth,

God of all inspiration, King of eternal youth,

Whose words are fitted to music as jewels are set in gold,

There is need of thy splendid worship in a world grown grim and old!

We have drunk the wine of ages, we are come to the dregs and lees,

And the shrines are all unworthy where we bend reluctant knees;

The brand of the beast is on us, we grovel, and grope, and err,

Wake, Great God of the Morning, the moment has come to stir!

The stars of our night of evil on a wan horizon wane:
Hear us, Phoebus Apollo, and come to thine own again!

From "The Garden of Years."

GARRICK

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AT THE PLAY

John Drew at the Olympic as John Drew is considered elsewhere in this issue. He is pleasing and the play is bright, and the support is good, and that's all to be said.

"Mother Goose" we saw to repletion during the World's Fair. It was here ever so many weeks. But it is doing well with a good company and nice fresh scenery at the Century this week.

"Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is as good as the book—and a little better. Madge Carr Cook in the star part is giving a really wonderful performance of a very loveable character, and the lady who plays *Hazy* is herself an actress of no mean attainments. This play, too, has been seen here before, and yet it is drawing splendidly at the new Garrick.

"Over Niagara Falls," scenically and otherwise, is proving a good card at the Imperial this week. The water-fall scene is very cleverly produced and the characters in the piece are well taken. Gus Neaville, Mamie Keene, Edgar Murray, Vera Hamilton and Louise Renning are among the notable members of the cast.

"My Wife's Family," the musical show at the Grand this week, is full of the mother-in-law joke, though it is not overdone. And the sporty husband also gets "his." Hal Stephens and Harry Linton are easily the best actors in the company. They are well supported, however.

"The Dainty Duchess Burlesquers" are fulfilling expectations at the Standard. Their specialty bill is good and the two satires presented at the opening and closing of the performance are clever, by way of finish.

Coming Attractions.

The third of the new Shubert productions of this season, "The Earl and the Girl," will play a special engagement at the Garrick, beginning Sunday evening, April 23d. "The Earl and the Girl" is described as a high-class musical comedy, with beautiful stage settings, scenery and costumes. It was first produced in the Lyric Theater, London, and has now been running at that theater for over two years. In the company which will present the American version at the Garrick will be Alexander Clarke, Victor Morley, W. H. Denny, Dick Temple, Frank Lavarne, Georgie Caine, Nellie McCoy, Amelia Sommerville, Violet Hollis and Minnie Methot. There will be a chorus of over 100 people, including the famous Casino Show Girls, said to be the handsomest show girls on the stage.

The sale of seats for the forthcoming engagement of "Piff, Paff, Pouf" opens to-day at the box office of the Olympic Theater, for the week beginning Monday, April 24, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. It is styled a "musical cocktail" in two swallows, of which Stanislaus Stange, William Jerome, and Jean Schwartz have furnished the ingredients. "Piff, Paff, Pouf" abounds in novelties of a comedy and musical nature. Fred Mace, as principal comedian, is singing, "I'm the Ghost That Never Walked." The English Pony Ballet, furnishes three of the most acceptable features, and their Radium Dance is beautifully sensational. Other favorites in the merry-making are Sadie Martinot, Robert Graham, Vinie Daly, John Hyams, Templar Saxe, Harry Stuart, Misses Mabel and Hilda Hollins, Miss Abby Stange and Miss Blanche Morrison.

"The Crisis," the dramatization of the Churchill novel with which St. Louis theater-goers are on such familiar terms, will be presented at the Grand next week with Nannette Comstock in

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EVERYMAN

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May 10,
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EVERYMAN

Wednesday,
May 10,
at 8:15.

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Address mail orders and all communications to Harry J. Walker, The Odeon.

the leading female role. Miss Comstock has quite a reputation as a character actress, and is supported in this instance, it is said, by a clever company.

At the Imperial next week "The Moonshiner's Daughter" will be the attraction. It is a melodrama of action force and variety, and is said to be in good hands.

Next week "Mother Goose" continues at the Century. "The Yankee Consul" will follow, the opening performance being given Monday night, April 24.

"The New York Stars Company" comes to the Standard next with a good bill of specialties and a burlesque or two to finish off the entertainment.

A HEALTH RESORT

Occidental Wall Finish used on your walls and ceilings tends to keep down disease. It is made to mix with water, and as a five-pound package will finish a whole room, the cost will be very slight. All beautiful tints and white can be had, and it will lend largely to the appearance of your rooms.

Used extensively by the hospitals.
PLATT & THORNBURGH PAINT CO.,
620 Franklin Avenue.

MR. KING AND HIS FIRM

The addition of the name of Mr. Goodman King to the style of the Mermod & Jaccard Jewelry Company marks an epoch in the development of the grandest establishment of its kind in America. For with this change of style, also has come the announcement that the famous house has established a branch in New York; a departure, by the way, which emphasizes most cogently the steady progress of the big concern and its true position in the world's art-commerce.

It was Benjamin Franklin, greatest of Americans, who said of himself that he could not recollect when he could not read. With every proper seriousness of statement Mr. Goodman King can as pertinently say of himself that he cannot recall the day when he was not associated with the firm which now adds his name to its commercially official designation. In these years he has, largely by the application of modern ways of advertising the most dignified imaginable, forwarded the growth of the great establishment so that to-day it is as well known in Tokio and Pekin as in Berlin, Rome, Paris, London and St. Petersburg.

Cultured travelers, the world over, know this conspicuous show-place of the World's Fair city. The diplomatic and mercantile skill of Mr. Goodman

King have brought about this priceless popularity. His ability in this special field, no less than his knowledge of the art of the jeweler, the lapidary, the horologist, the gold and silver smith, his expert learning in ceramic art, and his unfailing good taste in the big department of the manufacture of articles of special personal adornment have contributed to the excellent result of making his house pre-eminent in the United States—fit to stand beside the best in the world and give direction.

The Mermod, Jaccard & King Co. is more than a big jewelry establishment to-day; more than a mere show-place for the display of and barter in curios of the most refined workmanship; it is an emporium whose wares have actually systematized the purchasing capacity of this part of the country in the special field to which it caters. At this season of the year which brings so much of joy and hope, it is a rare pleasure to inspect the place of, places in St. Louis where may be seen the evidences of the highest manual arts, the best expressions of man's joy of his work; the Mermod, Jaccard & King Jewelry Company's grand establishment. The giver of gifts here would be bewildered were it not for the fact that the best trained corps of salesmen and saleswomen can direct and simplify the pleasant task of appropriate giving.

Presents for the wedding; from the bride to her bridesmaids, the groom to the groomsmen and ushers,—the groom, his relatives and the bride's relatives and intimate friends of either family in this happy interchange—are obtainable at the great Broadway high-art bazaar, each article representing the probity and experience of a firm that is at once the representative and the leader of the city's most elegant and costly mercantile endeavor.

The Mermod, Jaccard & King Co. is the great mart for precious stones, its assortment being the largest west of New York, and rivalling even those of the Eastern metropolis in extent and variety. It is the recognized repository for watches of the world's best workmanship. Its collection of special objects of value, of household and personal adornment and use would, if catalogued here, astonish even those who have spent a life-time in this field of mercantile activity. The incoming consignments purchased abroad by Mr. King and his many representatives the world over, now being exhibited, are a world's exposition in themselves. The firm, by its recent purchases now arriving, is not alone meeting the wants of the casual buyer; it is anticipating the requirements of the connoisseur in a hundred choice instances by bringing to St. Louis an array of specialties such as have their first abiding place in the ateliers of purveyors to royalty.

The new collection of Oriental ceramics, vases, from Tokio and Pekin, carvings from Yeddo and Kioto, enamels from the exclusive workshops of the world and hundreds of art-perquisites in which marvelous skill has been expended on priceless substances, color and form-combinations in undreamt-of nuances, to-day make the Mermod, Jaccard & King Company's show-rooms without a peer in our great Southwest. To find anything of approaching value and variety the traveler must go into Fifth avenue, New York; Bond street, London; into the domains of the Arc de Triomphe, Paris; Unter den Linden, Berlin, and to the Newsky Prospekt, St. Petersburg.

HOME LOVERS

Have you ever felt that you would use a little paint here and there around your homes if you could get a small quantity all ready for use in the color you wanted? Occidental Household Paint fills the bill. Just the thing for touching over small jobs which you have somehow left undone.

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Carmen



Powder

The Powder for Brunettes.
The Powder that Sticks!

Carmen Powder is the most perfect beautifier that money, science and skill can produce.

Carmen Powder makes and keeps the skin soft and beautiful.

Carmen Face Powder is made of the purest and most expensive ingredients and is wonderfully prepared by an elaborate process, so as to peculiarly suit the brunette complexion; the skin of brunettes being different from that of blondes in important particulars.

Carmen Powder, no matter how carelessly applied, does not "show powder," as all other powders do when applied to brunette complexions. Carmen Powder blends and produces a soft and velvety effect of indescribable beauty.

Carmen Powder sticks, no matter if it is in the heated hall room or in the sun and wind. No "touching up" is ever necessary. This product is far superior to anything made, and if you will use it regularly you will find that the beauty of your complexion will be commented upon.

Unlike many powders, Carmen is not only a great aid to beauty, but it is of wonderful benefit to the skin, imparting that clear, healthy look which indicates so surely a knowledge of the higher refinement of life.

Made in four tints—cream, flesh, pink and white.

Carmen Powder is for sale by most druggists, though some druggists, not having it, may offer you a substitute. Do not accept it! There is no substitute for the genuine Carmen Powder—no other powder will do what Carmen will

THE PRICE IS **50c** The Box.

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St. Louis' Leading Confectionery Store.

When you were engaged

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ALMOST DAILY—
HOW OFTEN DOES
YOUR WIFE NOW RECEIVE
A BOX OF THESE
DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS?

REPEAT AND MAIL YOUR
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EIGHTEEN OTHER STORES & SALES AGENTS EVERYWHERE.
CANDIES SENT ANYWHERE BY MAIL & EXPRESS.

A RISE BY MERIT

It is a trite saying that an institution is but the character, summed-up, of the men associated with it. And, whether we regard an institution or a firm, and seek to trace its orderly and prosperous development, sooner or later we are enabled to point to one man in such environment as the individual by whose efforts progress was ordered and prosperity organized. Here in St. Louis, in a community socially, as well as commercially, one of the oldest in the country, the record, were it for once to be rightly written, would be comprised in the life-sketches of but a few men. This pre-eminent coterie would be found to have very narrow limits in those lines of business that make for social betterment as is instanced in the culture of the harmonic art—music.

St. Louis in this particular occupies advanced ground among her sister cities in that it contains concerns that for age, soundness, and honor have no equals elsewhere in this part of the world. The Bollman Brothers Piano Company, organized in 1866 under the name of Henry Bollman, is a remarkable example of good fortune in having among its projectors names to conjure within the music trade and associates whose every effort these many years has been to forward the interest of a worthy concern. On the roster of the Bollman Brothers Piano Company no name stands higher than that of E. J. Piper; first its collector, then succeeding to every position in the advancement of the firm from salesman, assistant cashier, cashier, assistant book-keeper,

ted. It was then organized as a stock company. In 1885 the Bollman Brothers Piano Company occupied the first floor of Nos. 1104-1106 Olive street, with a stock of a dozen pianos, in which but one grand piano could be counted. Seven persons were on the firm's pay-roll. To-day, in a veritable palace of art-commerce, the company exhibits thirty grand pianos of the best make, 400 instruments of smaller size, carries its surplus stock in outside warehouses, and employs sixty-six persons in the five-story emporium at 1120-1122 Olive street. Mr. Piper, thoroughly conversant with the progress of the business in this city, is quoted as saying that in 1885 when his house made its first big start, there were in St. Louis not more than half a dozen piano firms, the combined business of which hardly reached \$200,000 a year. To-day there are more than twenty piano firms, with total sales amounting to \$1,500,000. The increase, in Mr. Piper's view, is due to the manufacture of pianos at a figure lessened by systematized output, the advancement of the mechanical arts that enter so largely into the manufacture of the modern piano, and the employment of the time-payment plan which puts instruments of percussion within the reach of increasingly larger numbers of music-lovers. Mr. Piper's company is in line for further advancement in that the pianola department has grown to great proportions lately; the mechanical piano-players putting an entirely new aspect on the development of the music trade. The secretary of the Bollman Piano Company, in the judgment of those who have noted the progress of the concern, is entitled to the added credit of having organized a system of meeting the wishes of patrons in regard to liberal and intelligent treatment that is making the company one of the most attractive concerns in the Mississippi Valley for the transaction of business.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE

ROOSEVELT'S BOOKS.

St. Louis, Mo., April 14th.

To the Editor of THE MIRROR:

Please publish a list of the writings of Theodore Roosevelt and oblige

SUBSCRIBER.

[A complete list of the works of President Roosevelt is given in the New York Bookman as follows: "Naval Operations of the War of 1812" (1882); "Hunting Trips of a Ranchman" (1885); "Life of Thomas Hart Benton" (1887); "The Wilderness Hunter" (1887); "Life of Gouverneur Morris" (1888); "Ranch Life and the Hunting Trail" (1888); "Essays on Practical Politics" (1888); "The Winning of the West" (1889-1896); "New York City. A History" (1891); "American Big Game Hunting" (with George Bird Grinnell) (1893); "Report to the United States Civil Service Commission upon a Visit to Certain Indian Reservations, etc." (1893); "Liber Scriptorum" (1893); "Claws and Antlers of the Rocky Mountains" (1894); "Hero Tales from American History" (with Henry Cabot Lodge) (1895); "Hunting in Many Lands" (with George Bird Grinnell) (1895); "American Ideals" (1897); "Trail and Camp Fire" (with George Bird Grinnell) (1897); "History of the Royal Navy of England" (part of Vol VI.) (1898); "The Rough Riders" (1899); "The Strenuous Life" (1900); "Oliver Cromwell" (1901); "Camera Shots at Big Game" (introduction) (1901); "Message Communicated to Congress" (1901); "How to Bring Up Children" (1902); "The Philippines" (with W. H. Taft) (1902); "The Deer Family" (with T. S. Van Dyke and others) (1902); "California Addresses" (1903); "The Woman Who Toils" (introduction) (1903); "Maxims of Theodore Roosevelt" (1903); "Addresses and Presidential Messages" (1904).]



E. J. Piper.

book-keeper, head of the sales department, and recently secretary and manager. This is a record of promotion for merit that has few equals here or elsewhere. And it was accomplished in just two decades, the culmination finding Mr. Piper on the sunny side of the years of discretion that are an earnest of yet better effort, yet further activity.

The boy Piper's farm life in Central Illinois gave him that physical foundation that forefended him against all the tests of business hardship in the metropolis. His lucky star led him first to the house with which he has been so constantly associated. His inborn honesty of purpose caused him to make the business of the firm his own. He labored for it with singular fidelity through every change of fortune, from humble beginnings to present impressive status. Mr. Piper was advanced to the secretariat of the Bollman Bros. Piano Company in March, 1904, succeeding Mr. Otto Bollman, who retired as president and manager. Mr. Piper has grown with the growth of the firm into which in 1882 the sons of the founder, Otto and Oscar, were admitted.

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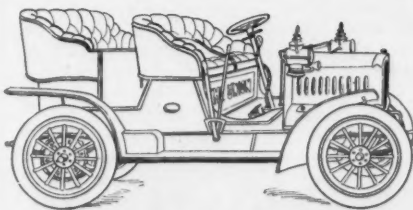
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For service and economy we can give you an automobile for \$1200, better than any other factory will sell for \$3000, all on account of "Patent Friction Drive," and dealing direct with factory.

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The Mosher Books.

Spring Announcements.

I. The Book of Heavenly Death

By WALT WHITMAN

A compilation from Leaves of Grass, by Horace L. Traubel, one of the "good grey poets" literary executors; giving in full what has long been a desideratum Whitman's wonderfully vivifying thoughts upon Death and Immortality. 500 Copies, Small Quarto, Van Gelder Paper, Old Style, Boards, with Portrait in Albertype.

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This large type edition, with the exquisite Clifford portrait as frontispiece, must be seen to be appreciated. The publisher considers it one of his triumphs in choice book-making at a moderate price.

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The first American edition of Wilde's brilliant essay (originally printed in the Fortnightly Review in 1891), which is worthy of consideration as a satisfying bit of bookcraft.

600 Copies, Square 16mo, Van Gelder Paper, Gray Wrapper.

Price 75 cents net

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Our new volume in The Vest Pocket Series has an introduction by Mr. Thomas Coke Watkins, who edited with such rare skill "A Little Book of Nature Thoughts from Richard Jefferies."

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FINEST LIQUORS
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**Finest Bar and Billiard
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STRICTLY MODERN AND FIRST-CLASS
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You're very particular about
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Superior **IS BEST** In
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QUALITY—FLAVOR—PURITY Is Thoroughly Aged.
And What's Equally Important.

Get it from your grocer, or
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Green Tree Brewery

St. Louis, Mo.

FOR THE SMALL INVESTOR

Beyond all doubt one of the best and most substantial organizations ever established in St. Louis, for the purpose of promoting the financial welfare of the toiling masses as well as others with capital to invest, is the new National Bond Company, whose home office is in the National Bank of Commerce building.

This is a company which has none of the earmarks of "high financiering." It is established on a sane and safe basis to conduct a purely financial business, and among its stockholders and active officers are the names of many men which alone are sufficient guarantee of the upright character of the business, and secured the safety of all obligations as well.

The company has branches throughout the country in the large cities and thriving smaller towns, and its organization has been perfected strictly according to the laws of the various commonwealths in which it is represented.

In these days such a concern as the National Bond Company will be welcomed by the greater majority of wage earners and workers, who are striving to accumulate a competency, if not to become wealthy.

This large class of people are denied by the conditions existing in the financial world of to-day the privilege of investing their small savings in most everything that savors of substantiality.

The only recourse they have is to struggle and hoard their earnings until they have amassed sufficient to invest in real estate for a home; speculation in realty is something quite beyond their limited means.

The few avenues of investment that are open to them offer not enough interest on their little capital, yet the lump sum of thousands of their deposits may be used by the savings banks officials, who pocket the high rate of interest that is denied the small depositors.

The concentration of capital and trade is constantly growing and as money is needed in large sums for the big enterprises now launching, the struggling mechanic or laborer cannot hope to get in on any of the securities.

But the National Bond Company, operated by men of integrity, brings them a great measure of relief. It gives them some alternative in investment besides expensive real estate, with its taxes and repairs and loss of rental, and the savings bank.

It brings them in closer touch with the real live financial investment market and the money they invest in the bonds of this company brings to them the full interest which in other lines of business they might be obliged to share with a middle man or broker.

In short, any workingman, any one with money lying idle, will find the bonds of the National Bond Company a good protection against the poverty of old age or of sickness or any kindred trouble.

Five per cent interest is guaranteed

on each and every bond and there is a participation of the bonds in the company's profits which may make the earning capacity of each run a point or two higher.

The National Bond Company differs from all other concerns engaged in business of this character. There is nothing clouded in its prospectus or its contracts. The transactions entered into by it with any patron are not intricate or tricky. Its contracts contain no weasel-worded clauses that confuse and render null the compact. They simply record the transaction and may be understood upon perusal by a school boy. This in itself should appeal to the man of small means, who is anxious to invest that he may acquire a nest egg to protect him in old age or sickness or both.

The purpose of this new company, which is destined to acquire the business of the masses, and some of its features having been set forth, it is now essential to say something of its methods, the *modus operandi* and of the scope of the vast business it transacts in the financial world.

The company issues and has for sale savings bonds in denomination of \$250 each, which can be paid for by the purchaser in one payment or in installments. These bonds are due and payable in lawful money of the United States at the expiration of eight years from the date of purchase, and bear interest at the rate of 5 per cent per annum. In addition to the guaranteed interest rate the bonds share in the earnings of this company as are apportioned by it from time to time.

These bonds may be purchased in any number. The installment plan which promises to have a great popularity with those of small means, permits the purchaser to pay for each bond purchased, at the rate of 50 cents per week for ninety-six months, at the end of which time the security expires and is redeemable at once.

This is an improvement on all previous bond investment plans designed for the benefit of the masses.

For the protection of the holders of these bonds the company holds United States, State, County, Municipal, Township, School and Mortgage bonds secured by deeds of trust on unincumbered real estate, the value of which is double the money advanced on them, and besides there is on deposit with the Treasurer of the State of Missouri, a reserve fund of \$100,000, as provided by law to protect all bondholders of the company.

As a further protection the company is supervised by the laws and regulations of the various States in which it transacts business.

At least twice in each year the department of the State of Missouri, having by law the right of examination of this company, makes careful investigation of its affairs.

These examinations are desirable from every point of view, and being augmented by the deposit of its reserve of liability to its bondholders with the Treas-

urer of Missouri, and with the further addition of the guarantee of this company that its contracts will be observed and its liabilities met, it cannot be gainsaid that the investment offered is not only safe but desirable for investors.

The bonds issued by this company are more remunerative than real estate and other investments, as the necessity of management, the making of continued repairs, the carrying of insurance, the renting of property and the other manifold and embarrassing conditions are obviated.

Such bonds are as good as cash in the hand at all times.

The high character of the men entrusted with the conduct of the company's business and its methods of handling the funds invested with it, give assurances of continued growth and prosperity which cannot fail to favorably affect the value of the securities held by investors.

The bonds are negotiable at any time under the conditions of the contract and may be disposed of as they were bought.

The great volume of the company's business and the vast experience of the men interested easily explain whence come the earnings and profits on which is based the guarantee of 5 per cent interest on each and every bond.

The company's resources are practically unlimited. It does business throughout many States. It has every earning feature possessed by the Old Line Insurance Companies and only a small tithe of their risks. Its cost of operation is less by thousands of dollars and its interest earnings are greater.

And it has no death benefits to pay. It makes a specialty of investing in gilt edged securities, such as real estate and bonds, National, City, State and County, and high-class industrials.

The earnings or profits it acquires spring from the highest rate per cent obtainable for the moneys it advances or loans. The profits arising from such investments it advantageously makes throughout the great fields at its command are materially increased by cash surrender values, paid up values, bonds lapsed, assignment fees and funds from a score or more of other revenue sources. All of which makes it an easy matter for the company to meet its 5 per cent guarantee and grant participation to each and every bondholder in the profits of the company in addition.

Few enterprises have started with such a brilliant prospect and with such a valuable set of officers, directors and stockholders, each and every one of whom is capable of aiding in expanding the business and influence of the company. Its conduct is systematically adjusted and it is operated at the lowest possible cost. In that every penny is watched and accounted for.

The officers of the company are ex-Gov. Lon V. Stephens, financial agent; Walker V. Powell, president; Robert H. Kern, vice president; Chas. F. Martin, 2d vice president; George W. Strodtman, 3d vice president; William

H. Savage, secretary, and John B. O'Meara, treasurer.

In addition to the above its board of directors contains the names of Wm. D'Oench, U. L. Clark, Russell Harriman, Arthur N. Sager, J. A. Davie, J. W. Breidenthal, Edward Crebo, R. L. Gregory, M. M. Stephens, Jared R. Woodfield, C. F. Martin, C. H. V. Lewis, Jerre South and C. W. Hammond.

Mr. Breidenthal is former bank examiner of Kansas. Sager succeeded Gov. Folk as circuit attorney of St. Louis. Gregory is a millionaire procer of Kansas City. C. H. V. Lewis is a Kansas City banker, and Jerre South is a prominent railroad attorney and former lieutenant-governor of Arkansas. W. V. Powell, the president, is one of the foremost financiers in the West, having for years been connected with the business end of the Missouri Pacific and Iron Mountain railroads. Some of its prominent stockholders are Russell Harding, the railway magnate of Cincinnati; L. C. Nelson, retired capitalist of Normandy, Mo.; John Temple Graves, the famous lecturer of Atlanta, Ga.; W. A. Rule, banker of Kansas City, and B. F. Edwards, president, and J. A. Lewis, cashier, of the National Bank of Commerce of St. Louis. It is one of the strongest financial institutions ever organized in Missouri.

W. H. Savage, the secretary and organizer of the concern, is a business man of splendid schooling and a gentleman of the highest character and integrity. It is due entirely to his engineering and persistent hard work that the National Bond Company was organized and equipped for business. He had the confidence of men like Lon V. Stephens, W. V. Powell, R. H. Kern and Jno. B. O'Meara, and it was through them that he was enabled to achieve success in an undertaking that would have been abandoned by many a man of less energy and determination. He has had years of experience in the bond and savings business, and his name connected with the company is in itself a guarantee that it is founded on correct principles. The name of Lon V. Stephens at its head means that it is solid financially and will do everything that it agrees to do and more.

The stockholders are: Hon. Lon V. Stephens, banker, St. Louis, Mo.; R. H. Kern, attorney at law, St. Louis, Mo.; John B. O'Meara, treasurer Hill-O'Meara Construction Co., St. Louis, Mo.; Wm. D'Oench, president Geisicke-D'Oench-Hays Shoe Co., St. Louis, Mo.; U. L. Clark, president Detroit Timber and Lumber Co., St. Louis, Mo.; Russell Harriman, attorney, St. Louis, Mo.; Arthur N. Sager, circuit attorney, St. Louis, Mo.; J. A. Davie, real estate, St. Louis, Mo.; W. V. Powell, president National Bond Company; Jno. W. Breidenthal, president Banking Trust Co., Kansas City, Kan.; Edward Crebo, president City National Bank, Kansas City, Mo.; R. L. Gregory, president Gregory Wholesale Grocer Co., Kansas City, Mo.; M. M. Stephens, banker, East St. Louis; W. H. Savage, secretary National Bond Company; Ja-

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MORO CASTLE

The following story was originally told by Frederick Douglass in his lecture on John Brown: Just after his first inauguration, President Lincoln was

one day blacking his boots in democratic fashion, when several foreign diplomats called and caught him in the act. One of them remarked, sneeringly: "Mr.

President, in our countries the chief executives do not black their own boots." "Indeed," said Mr. Lincoln, with cheerful curiosity, "whose boots do they black?"

THE STOCK MARKET

The price movement in Wall Street continues feverish and erratic, with the main tendency still upward. The larger the transactions, the more insistent and fantastic grow the multifarious rumors emanating from the back offices of stock brokers to be greedily absorbed by credulous purveyors of news. The other day Wall Street was all agog over the latest version of the twice-told tale of the merger of the Union Pacific with the New York Central and Chicago & Northwestern. According to the stock market oracles, who, it is hardly necessary to state, are closely affiliated with the cliques now working overtime in their efforts to "unload" their holdings, this Harriman-Vanderbilt deal is to be of dimensions utterly unheard of hitherto in the history of American railway financing. The public was asked to believe that there would be a gigantic bond issue, aggregating almost \$800,000,000, in connection with the financing of this amalgamation of railroad properties comprising a total mileage of more than 36,000 miles.

Up to this writing, however, no official confirmation of this rumored consolidation scheme could be obtained. None of the parties interested has as yet seen fit to make a clean breast of it. Authorities who should have first knowledge of the hatching of a "deal" of this magnitude are ominously silent. At the same time, in spite of the sharp advance in Union Pacific common, New York Central has hardly budged from its previous level of 159. Why is this, since we are gravely assured that New York Central stock is to be taken into the merger at \$200 per share in choice 4 per cent bonds? Chicago & Northwestern common, which is to be absorbed at \$300 per share, in gilt-edged 3½ per cent bonds, can still be bought at a beggarly \$242, or thereabouts. There seems to be an unpardonable lack of thrift and wide-awakeness on the part of American investors in failing to buy shares of this kind, when big profits are, judging by the talk of Wall Street newsmongers, absolutely certain.

Yet, all the same, Harriman and his friends must surely be planning a coup of some kind or other. Even from distant London comes the vague report that eminent financiers are disposed to believe that some epoch-making deals are about to be consummated in the American railroad world. Who these "eminent financiers" are, is, of course, kept strictly secret. Undoubtedly, they are heavily interested in the overworked bull-pool in American shares in London, which has been known to "feed out" holdings on this side for the past month or so. What the outcome of Harriman's negotiations, or objects may

be, is pretty hard to tell for an outsider, be he ever so much of an habitue of reputable brokers' offices. All that can be said for the present is, that the whole story has a suspicious look, since it coincides so well with the upward movement in stock market prices. Yet, it is not at all improbable that the Union Pacific crowd contemplates the consummation of a deal that will still further centralize the country's railroad business and give Harriman the vantage ground which he coveted at the time he frantically struggled to wrest control of the Northwest from the powerful hands of Hill and Morgan.

Notwithstanding the retirement of Harriman from the Northern Securities Company's board of directors, the stock of this company has scored a further stiff advance. Its present price is above 180. This is certainly a remarkable figure to be asked for the stock of a corporation that has been ordered by the highest legal tribunal of the country to go out of existence. To account for this anomalous movement in the price of shares, it is stated that there is to be an increase of from fifty to one hundred per cent in the capital stock of the Great Northern, which, at present, amounts to \$124,000,000, and which is quoted at about \$330 per share. The increased stock, we are told, is to be offered to stockholders at par. The Northern Securities Company, having among its assets an amplitudinous bundle of Great Northern Securities shares would, of course, receive material benefit from these stock rights. There's also a report that the United States Steel corporation is endeavoring to purchase or lease the immensely valuable iron ore properties in the possession of the Great Northern.

Pig iron production, for the month of March, amounted to 1,936,229 tons, the highest figures on record. There was an increase of more than 338,000 tons over February. The highest previous record was 1,713,614 tons, which was for May, 1903. The full import of this great expansion in pig iron production will be grasped, when it is remembered that for July, 1904, it was down to 1,120,819 tons. Considering such a strong statistical position, it is not to be wondered at that United States Steel and kindred issues, including car equipment stocks, should have displayed such marked vitality and activity in the past two weeks. The optimism regarding stocks of this class has reached that stage where even ordinarily staidly thinking speculators are again willing to take "flyers" in United States Steel common and to dream dreams of a resumption of dividend payments on this stock, which, barely a year ago, could be bought in carload lots at less than 10. The feeling is particularly bullish on Pressed Steel Car and Locomotive shares. Even American Car & Foundry issues are again being bought and at prices higher than those quoted at the time they were paying a fair rate of dividend.

The Cleveland, C. C. & St. Louis directors have decided to issue \$11,300,000 new common stock, of which \$5,600,000 is to be offered to stockholders at par, to the extent of 20 per cent of their holdings on April 29. With the proceeds it is intended to reimburse the company for improvements, but \$5,700,000 will be retained in the treasury to be issued from time to time for special purposes. This increase would go towards explaining the recent sharp rise in this stock, which induced so much wonderment at the time among the Wall Street yarn spinners.

The immediate future still favors the bull clique. In the natural order of things, however, reactions should grow more frequent and extensive as bull manipulation continues. As long as money rates remain around the present level, the bears will not dare to make anything like a concerted onslaught along the whole line, but look out for the splinters when the rates begin to stiffen.

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October 1, 1902.

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January 1, 1903.

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April 1, 1903.

\$237,279.39

July 1, 1903.

\$276,832.63

October 1, 1903.

\$348,634.65

January 1, 1904.

\$414,721.27

April 1, 1904.

\$505,756.97

July 1, 1904.

\$553,201.24

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JANUARY 1, 1905

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APRIL 1, 1905.

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LOCAL SECURITIES.

There's still lots of activity in the bank and trust company group. The higher prices go, the more eagerly are purchasing orders being placed with the Fourth Street brokers. It's a repetition of the old story. Pretty much the same thing was witnessed a few years ago, when everybody looking for a job was planning to organize trust companies.

Mechanics' National, on heavy realizing sales, has dropped back to 298. Third National is in demand at 333½, with offerings rather limited, while Bank of Commerce is feeling its way at 344. Boatmen's sold at 256½ latterly, and Missouri-Lincoln at 147¼, after climbing to 149. Title Guaranty is changing hands, in a small way, at 70¾. The demand for this issue is very limited.

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St. Louis, Mo.

There's, apparently, a notion in local investment circles that every old bank stock may again be bought for enormous profits. This notion is founded on the marvelous stories which newspapers and half-baked financiers are dishing out in regard to the prevailing extraordinary prosperity in this burg of St. Louis. Talk of this sort is apt to unbalance even the minds of such as ought to know better from past experience.

St. Louis Brewing Association 6s are selling at 101 $\frac{1}{4}$ and 101. The demand for these bonds is small, but insistent. Kansas City Home Telephone 5s are being placed at 98 $\frac{1}{2}$, and United Railway 4s at 90 $\frac{1}{8}$. For Lindell Ry. 5s, 105 is bid, 105 $\frac{1}{2}$ asked.

It is reported that the North American has consummated its purchases of a controlling interest in United Railways securities, and that transfer of the property to the new owners will be made within a few days. Announcement is also made that Messrs. Adolphus Busch, Breckenridge Jones and Charles H. Huttig will be elected directors of the North American Co., to represent the financial interests of St. Louis which have lately bought large blocks of North American stock, which is now quoted at about 105.

The authoritative statement has been made that the North American will make no guaranty of the 5 per cent dividend on United Railways preferred, which is now selling at 81 $\frac{1}{4}$. Dividends are to be paid only, if earned. The North American will be handed over a totality of 70,000 shares of the preferred stock that has been left in the treasury of the United Railways Company and never been issued. United Railways common is selling at 31. This represents a rise of about three points in the past week.

Central Coal & Coke common is somewhat lively at 69 $\frac{3}{4}$, and Cotton Compress is quoted at 63 $\frac{3}{4}$ bid, 65 asked. For Chicago Railway Equipment 6.95 is bid, with no offerings.

Money is in fair demand. Bank clearings, last week, amounted to \$62,706,002; for the same week in 1904, they were \$54,656,878. Sterling is somewhat lower again, the last quotation being \$4.86 $\frac{1}{2}$.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.

X. X.—Would advise taking profits on Canadian Pacific. Can't see anything particularly attractive in Mexican Central. May be a good thing to hang on to, as you say, but I should think one of the more active and more reputable medium-priced shares would answer your purposes just as well.

Old Speculator, Frankfort, Ky.—Consider Japanese 2nd series a fair investment, but you must bear in mind that they are not as well secured as are the bonds last issued. Think all Japanese bonds will decline to some extent after the close of the war, and so will Russian issues. Much of the apparent strength of these bonds is artificial.

T. G., Wentzville, Mo.—Better sell your Pacific Mail. Toledo, St. Louis & Western common selling for a good price. Would not advise purchasing it. Kansas City Southern 3s too high.

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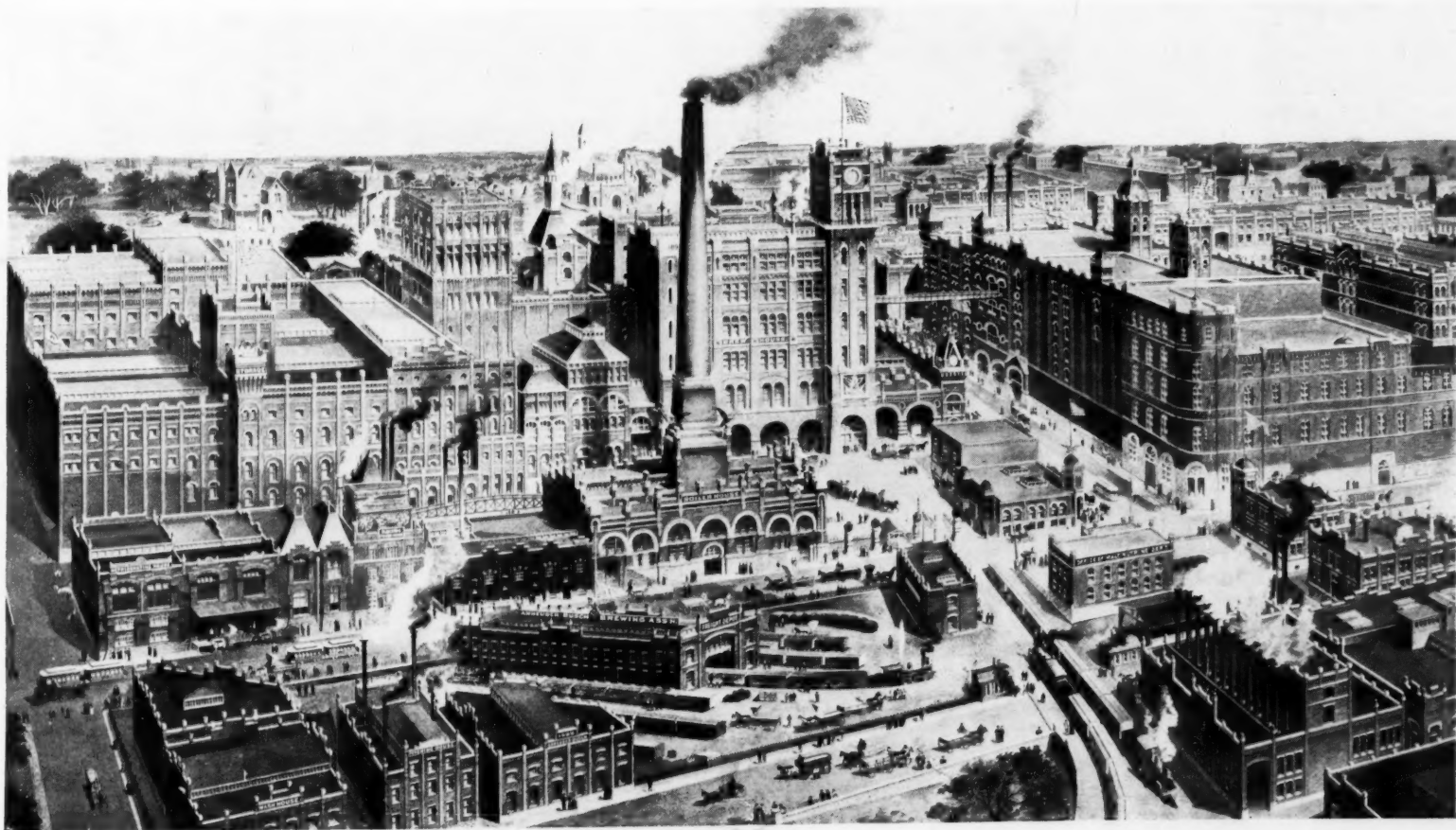
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